

3

Volume 1
Issue #3
Fall

FLIPSIDE

2010

**Do the
Dog!**
Doggy Style is Back!



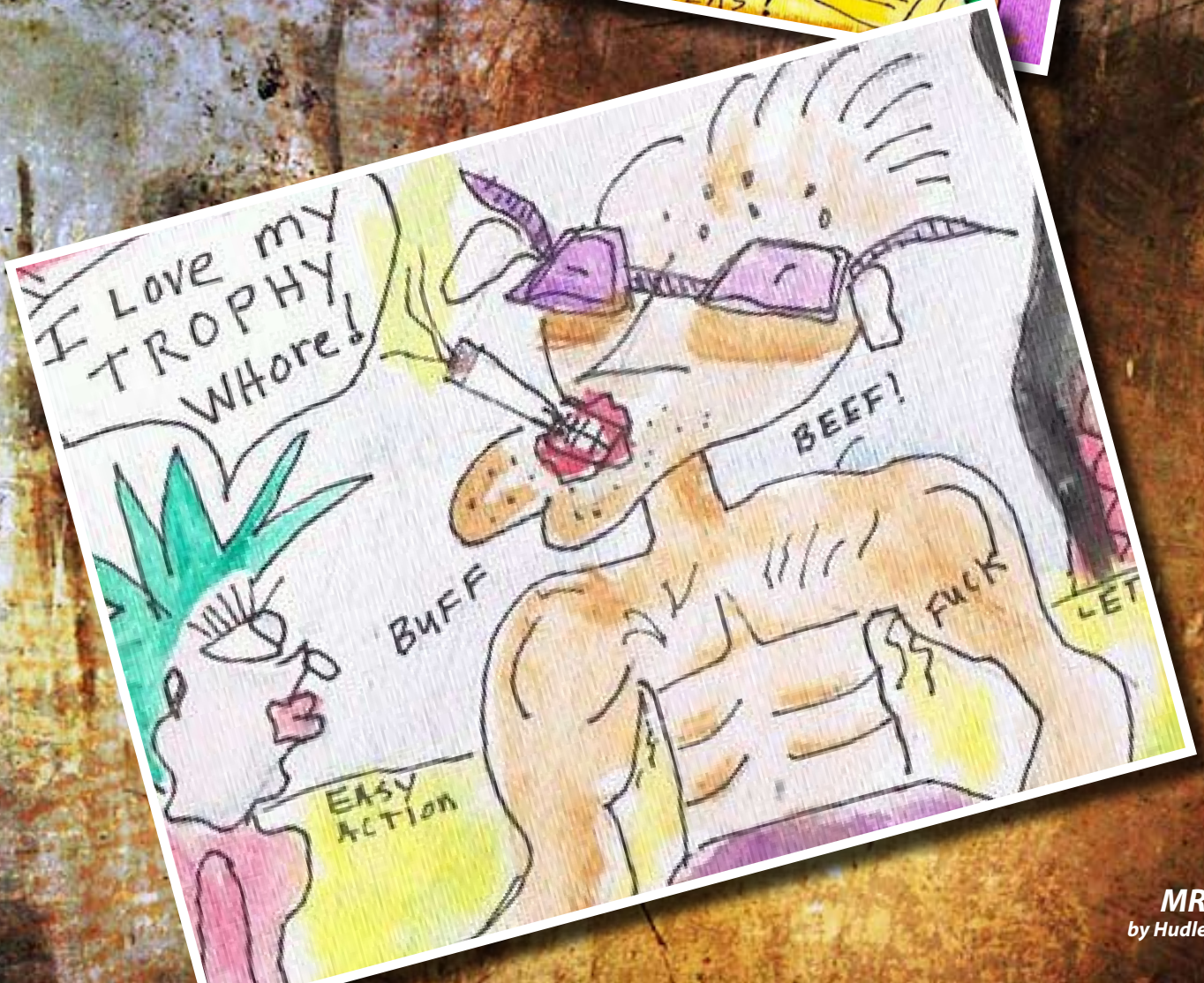
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REDWOOD
Summer Concert series

Million Kids, Legal Weapon, Brainspoon, The Stains, DoggyStyle,
Decry, Sylvia Juncosa, Carnage Asada, Comprehend & The Gears!

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Target Video T shirt

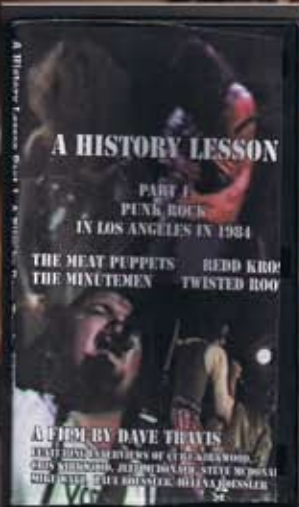


Hudley's Editorial



"ONE REAKY DEAKY BOYS, TWO REAKY DEAKY GIRLS, THREE REAKY DEAKY BOYS, FOUR THERE'S MORE, FIVE REAKY DEAKY BOYS, SIX REAKY DEAKY GIRLS, SEVEN REAKY DEAKY BOYS EIGHT NOW WAIT, I SEE THEM DANCING IN THE STREET, TO A REVOLUTIONARY BEAT, THINKING THEY CAN STAND THE HEAT, NEVER EVER SEEN THEM DO THE FANDANGO" ~ LIFE GOES ON , THE ADICTS

I went to Cafe 322 in Sierra Madre twice in the last three months and witnessed two great events. One was a viewing of Dave Travis's documentary called A History Lesson Part 1. It is about 1984 PUNK ROCK In Los Angeles with the Meat Puppets, Redd Kross, The Minutemen and Twisted Roots. Also in this documentary are interviews with Curt Kirkwood, Chris Kirkwood, Jeff McDonald, Steve McDonald, Mike Watt, Paul Roessler and Helena Roessler. It was great to see all the familiar faces and music that Flipside knew so well. I hope that you look this up and SUPPORT the work that Dave is doing.



The second show at Cafe 322 was a three band line up with Sylvia Juncosa, The Beach Blvd. boys themselves The Simpletones, and the infamous White Flag. One of the original creators of Flipside Fanzine named Mr. Pooch and I met up and enjoyed the show. Also there was Bob Cantu of Baby Jeepers Fanzine, and I talked with Unreal Ditch from Big Wheel Magazine. It was wild to see a younger crowd jumping around like it was 1978. Eddie Egan was there and I about fainted. It was a fun show even if the drive was killer diller! Farrfell from Decry showed up to sing a number too...

continue ...





The Next event that I roamed alone to see was the viewing of Target Video at The Silent Movie Theater on Fairfax in Los Angeles. I saw Rick Wilder there looking for the men's room as the women followed him with their eyes, as they were waiting in front of the women's room. Also saw Dave Jones bass player for one of my favorite bands Carnage Asada. The footage was excellent and my heart beat faster to see The Plugs again, and The Cramps as well as Castration Squad which was really enjoyable. I loved seeing KickBoy face and Craig Lee together in Catholic Discipline. The next event that was a trill was not seeing the Adolescents at Weber's in the San Fernando Valley. Instead Killroy, The Grim, The Disgustingtons and Punk Is Dead rocked the house till Weber's was closed down with youngsters screaming for a refund. That humorously brought back old time feelings from shows long gone by. Joe D from Jugheads Revenge even sang a song or two with pals from the Disgustingtons. Just watch out when you are there cause there are lots of beer bandits looking to take your brew.

So enjoy the third Flipside 2010.... And be more than a witness..Hudley



any misspelling is your problem not mine...



Have a fucking awesome Halloween



For Mr and Mrs TOny Bee



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DOGGYSTYLE
DO THE DOg



OFF!
A BAnd With A
Plan



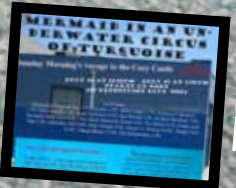
THE URINALS
RhinoRecords
Pop-up Store



The BRiggs



Flipside Night #5
Distored Pony
Doggystyle, OBS,
Million Kids, Barrio
Tiger



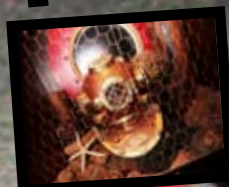
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derwater
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STIG STENCH



Duley's Dollup
Faded Memories
of LA Nights



REDWOOD
Summer Concert
Series



RIKK AGNEW



Motel 6 Blues
by Krk



MIKE Check



Punktography
by Joe Henderson



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the interweb.

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photo by Billy Caldwell

The Briggs/Cobra Skulls/ Longway/Your Arsenal

The Troubadour, West Hollywood, CA

Saturday, July 10, 2010

by Mike Essington

I have my 16-year-old Daughter, Breana, out from Hollywood, Florida, for the summer. Within the first few weeks of my Daughter's arrival I was plugging my mp3 player into her laptop so she could pluck all my music off of my two-gigabyte player onto her 40 plus gigabyte, highly advanced player. And one of the bands that she liked was Cobra Skulls. So I searched online for Cobra Skulls, I had heard that they

Cobra Skulls



popped up at the Cobalt Café, in Canoga Park a while back.

So, after I did the web search, I found a show coming up that very weekend. Pricing was reasonable; four bands for thirteen bucks if you buy advanced online tickets. Sure why not?

Here's the thing, I haven't been to a punk show since 1984, unless you count seeing Helmet, Suicide Girls opening up for Guns 'N Rose in 2007, a punk show.

Let me tell you, the audience was 100% different from the 1980's shows. No fighting, no attitudes, nobody was strung out. Everyone was just happy as hell to be there. I was originally worried about the rowdiness I would be subjecting my Daughter to. Even though I attended my first punk show at age 15, and survived.

After the first band I made a trip to the restroom, and as I walked out I bumped in a kid . . . hard, and he apologized to me. We are definitely not in the John Macias era, anymore.

Now, as the leading authority on all things punk (I received these credentials online), I have noticed all punk bands fall into one of three categories:

1. Social Distortion influenced (tattooed garage mechanics)
2. Rancid influenced (kind of street looking, a hint of old-school punk.
3. Dropkick Murphys influenced (Irish, dock workers)

And tonight I saw all of these influences. Much different than my years, everyone wanted to be Black Flag, and for a while a member of Blitz.

First up was Your Arsenal. They hit the stage somewhere between 7:45 and 8:00. These guys need to be signed to a label, last week! They were the best surprise, musically, that I have come across in years. The crowd was sparse, but singer/guitarist Chris Wallace, and

Longway



band mates Shaun Hale (guitar), Chad Sengstock (Bass), and Larry Wyatt (Drums), played as if they were in front of a crowd of 100,000.

These guys did a great seven-song set, starting off with Dear California, My Dad Wants His Taxes Back.

After the second song (Trouble) Wallace, mentioned that free demos could be picked up from their merchandise table in the bar area of the Troubadour, my Daughter took off in search of said demo. Unfortunately, the table wasn't set-up until after their set.

The set was tight, and energetic. It was a perfect opening for the next three bands. If you get a chance, check out their Facebook, or My Space page to listen to their demo. Lucky for us we got to hear the three songs off of the demo live: Wouldn't Trade You For Gold, No Place Like Home, and Trouble. Their last five songs were: Repeat, Sail Away, No Place Like Home, Bastards Of Young (Replacements Cover), Wouldn't Trade You For Gold.

As I said before, somebody needs to sign them quick, in the mean time . . . go see them live.

After their set we picked up copies of the demo, and bought a couple of buttons. If you dig a band, throw them a few bucks. So, by the time the next band was about to come on Breana already had a Your Arsenal button on.

Somewhere between 8:45 and 9:00, or maybe later than that, Brian Longway, (vocals, and guitar), and the guys from Longway, Mikey Pettengill (drums), Trevor Jackson (guitar), and Tim Abramson (bass), hit the stage. These guys were old pros, Longway mentioned their various albums, singles, and videos onstage.

I can't put my finger on it, but these guys came off as, a bit too cool for us. Maybe it was just me.

Anyway, the standout of this set was guitarist Trevor Jackson, tall, thin, covered in tattoos, and wearing an eye patch, this guy was hard to miss. From the moment they hit the stage Trevor was all over every inch of the stage, spinning his guitar, and when he ran out of stage, he was standing on the railing of the upstairs balcony, when that wasn't enough, he hit the floor, and played from the center of the pit. Fun guy to watch.

The pit wasn't really working during Longway's set. Brian called out to the crowd, several times, to all come to the center of the room, and start moshing, and only a few people jumped in.

Anyway, standout cuts were Junkie, from their latest album's title cut,

and their final song of the night, a cover of Billy Idol's Rebel Yell. Rebel Yell is a hard one to cover; how can you improve on Billy Idol's vocals, or Steve Stevens' guitar work?

Somewhere around 10:00 or so, Cobra Skulls (Chad Cleveland, drums, Adam Beck, guitar, Devin Peralta, vocals, and bass) took the stage. I don't know what to say about these guys, other than they played a flawless set. They played most of the tracks from their latest album, American Rubicon, on Red Scare Records. Absolutely no difference, sound-wise between them on album, or live.

All three guys come off as real down to earth guys, joking, and genuinely having a great time. In between songs they took turns blowing one of those obnoxious horns that fans were using during the World Cup, only Devin could do it properly.

Much like people do at the movies, when watching trailers, my Daughter, and I would look at each other after each band, and review. Cobra Skulls received two thumbs up.

Last, but not least, The Briggs hit the stage at about 11:00 or so. From the moment they hit the stage it was as if a bomb hit the Troubadour. The pit was full. The crowd went nuts!

My first reaction to these guys was "Damn, the singer reminds me of Jimmy Pursey." But I had no one to say this to because everyone around me, including band members was born way too late for that reference to have any meaning.

One of the highlights of the pit was a huge guy who was more, or less the Captain of the pit, a big corn-fed white boy, whose girlfriend wanted to mosh, and he would go out there to supervise, anybody that bumped her was leveled, then once she was safe, he would help the levee back up (some received a hug). I believe he was half man, half mountain. But all in all he was a good sport through it all.

The Briggs played with the experience, and ability of a veteran band with double the amount of years together. The Briggs boys, Joey LaRocca (vocals and guitar), Jason LaRocca (guitar and vocals), Jake Margolis (drums), and Alex Patterson (bass), were seasoned professionals.

Throughout their hour, to hour, and a half set, I don't think, there was ever a moment where people stopped singing, and moving.

The absolute high point of the night came when The Briggs did This is LA, as their last song. If the place exploded when they first hit the stage, well . . . now it double-exploded. The stage had half the crowd on it, including the members of Your Arsenal. Everybody was singing his, or her lungs out, it was unbelievable.

After The Briggs finished This is LA, they left the stage. The crowd stood quiet for a bit then started chanting "one more song, one more song." Then low, and behold, Joey, and the crew came out, and did a kick ass version of their song Molly.

Highlights of their set were: What Was I Thinking and Until Someone Gets Hurt.

I also need to mention what a phenomenal drummer Jake Margolis is, and mention the "guitar tech" for the Briggs, this guy would jump-in to play guitar whenever one of the LaRocca Brothers would put down their instrument and sing, then he'd climb up onto the speakers to beat the bass drum during other songs. I don't know his name, but he was immensely talented.

This, by far was the best \$13.00 I have spent in decades.







If you had the opportunity to go back to your favorite punk rock moment, what would it be? Mine? Easy, back in April of 1982, at the ripe old age of sixteen, I got to hang out one night with Chris D., and Chris Wahl of The Flesh Eaters, and Randy Clark of Weasel Music. Randy, and Chris were both in Weasel Music together, as well as playing in my old band Cold War.

In my tenth grade year, 1981-1982, I was attending Birmingham High School in Van Nuys, CA. One afternoon, as I was leaving, I walked into the back parking lot, where all the kids were boarding their buses, and as I walked by one of the buses there was a bus driver with real long blonde hair pulled back into a pony-tail. I was wearing my Germs (GI) shirt, and this bus driver

yells to me "Great band." I did a double take; I wasn't sure if the guy was a fan, or a hippie trying to mess with me. As it turned out, this guy, Randy Clark, was not only a fan of this type of music, but he was a musician as well. We got to talking, and he told me he listened to everything from Pere Ubu to TSOL. It got to be a routine, everyday after school I'd stop by the buses, and we'd rap about music, and when I was trying to put a band together he'd look over the songs, etc.

He was a cool guy. In one of our first conversations he told me he was in an experimental band called Weasel Music, and they play all over Los Angeles, and that I should come see them next time they play. I agreed.

While waiting for the next Weasel Music show I put together one band, U.S. Against Them, and everybody I know wanted to play in it, but no one ever had time to get together, rehearse and/or record. So, I scrapped the band, and a few months later, and about eight new songs, I put together Cold War. After going over all the songs with Randy we settled on two to record. We did a demo with the tracks "Ritchie Dagger's Eye's," and "Ronny the Clown." Chris Wahl played drums. I was told to keep it hush-hush (or as you youngsters say, I kept it on the down-low) that Wahl was playing on the demo, because Chris D. didn't want his band mates to play in other bands, but was cool with the Weasel Music project. I believe the bass player's name was Eric, he was real good guy.

So, Randy set up a rehearsal/recording session in North Hollywood at a small place that Chris Wahl, I believe, also slept at. We ran through the tracks somewhere between eight to twelve times, and then we recorded the tracks. They were pretty decent. Randy, and Chris were really skilled, and it was Eric, and I that were amateurish. I still remember belting out the opening lines to Ronny the Clown:

"Eight o'clock, and the speech is ready to air,
Strings are pulled, and he just sits, and stares."

It's not as politically profound as I thought it was, almost thirty years ago.

One day, Randy tells me Weasel Music got a booking at the Valley West club in Tarzana, which I thought was cool. Everybody had been playing there lately, Bad Religion, RF7, Circle One, and a handful of others.

The club was about four to five miles from my house, so I asked my Mom if she would drop me off. Mom drops me off at around 7:45 pm, with the instruction of "go straight in the club, no hanging around outside." I get out of the car, and Randy Chris, and Chris D. are hanging out at the front door, so I check in with the window (I was on the guest list), and b-line for the front of the club, just as Mom was driving away - she saw me. So, I went back in for a second. But she came back to see what I was up to, at that exact second I came back out. So, she waved me over, and asked what I was up to, I explained that Chris D. was one of the most famous guys in L.A. punk, he had a band with a few records out, he wrote for Slash, and worked with the Germs, engineered the Misfits album, and I wanted to talk to him and Randy and Chris. My Mom was cool, so I wouldn't lose face, she gave me a couple of dollars, and said so I wouldn't get embarrassed tell the guys she came back to give me some money. I get back to the door, and the guys ask if everything is cool, I tell them Mom was just dropping off some money. Well, they all start hooting, and hollering and started yelling "Mom, can we have some money too?" Embarrassing. I still managed to hang out with Chris D. for bit, after everybody stopped clowning around.

Eight o'clock came around, and Weasel Music took the stage, Chris, and Randy were fantastic, their singer, a female, I believe, was also pretty good. They played, about, a half hour set. Their token stage prop was a cheap blow-up doll that was next to one of the microphone stands.

After I graduated from High School I lost touch with Randy. I tried to track him down a couple of times, but never found him. He was real good musician, as was Chris, and a good friend.

The night, and show was one of the most memorable evenings, of that time, of my life.



MIKE CHECK

Michael Essington

"Mike Check" Column @
www.strangereaction.com



Motel 6 Blues



Installment No. 3

Edited by Kirk Dominguez
Photographs as marked

~ * * ~

It was a good thing I only bet some beer.

I was exhausted beyond recognition. I could barely stand. It was now late & dark. I slid across the passenger's side of the truck's bench & wrapped myself in my leather jacket. My eyelids collapsed before me as we got onto the Highway. I could have been asleep for hours, but it was proolly minutes. Yeah, minutes, w/in minutes of me closing my eyes, the truck started to violently bounce up & down!

The sight of oncoming headlights jumping up & down in front of my face, to me, it looked like a down pour of ping pong balls. They were so close, I could feel the wind racing against me; I felt no windshield. Also, I vaguely remember looking over to my left for a split second @ which time I was able to see Johnny's hands gripping the steering wheel. The white-knuckled grip he had on the wheel said it all,

we're going to die in Florida.

Then the truck was on its side, my side. There was no violent impact or giant sway of weight. It was as simple as advancing a chapter on a DVD:

CLICK!

And the truck goes from bunny hopping to -all of a sudden- the truck is now skidding along the highway @ such a speed that I could see sparks firing off the front end as gravel, dirt & other debris were pelting me in the face, from the open window.

How I didn't lose an arm?

I can't explain. What I do know is this, & I SWEAR it to be true on my mother's grave (!), the whole time the cursed truck was sliding- grinding metal & rubber against pavement for XXX amount of yards. The however many sec-

onds the sleigh ride in Hell was rolling, the last words of reason that came in clear & sharp over the broadcast system wired throughout my cranium were:

"relax doood, you ALWAYS see trucks on their side. A big crane will simply come along & flip the truck over!"

"really? You think we'll pull out of this one?"

"you worry too much..."

Then before I could begin to question myself on the mathematical realities of eradicating the situation @ hand, the truck snagged, it grabbed the highway, but the weight & the momentum we had behind us was too massive. Fate wasn't about to let us off the hook- no; in fact things were about to get a little more gnarly.

The truck rolled.

How many times we flipped is a wild guess, 2, 3... 5 times, I'll never know. I blacked out, completely. When I came to the first thing I saw were people running to us, to the truck; which was now facing against oncoming traffic. I was able to unfasten my seatbelt & I climbed out the window. I must have stumbled out because a couple people ran to me, to assist.

It took a little while for me to absorb the magnitude of the event. I mean, was anyone killed? Is anyone injured? I looked around & I didn't see any other wreckage besides our truck which looked like Godzilla had toyed w/ it a bit, bored, then tossed it back.

You know another odd observation of this catastrophe? I don't remember hearing a thing. You would think the sounds of a truck tumbling down the highway woulda made a hell-a noise, but NO- I didn't hear a single needle drop.

Johnny was to my side now, all concerned about our gear. He scavenged around searching for his bag & jacket. Someone brought out a flashlight. Crazy enough all our baggage was found! Well, everything except for our gear. That little container went flying.

As for the cargo:

The 10,000 + records, the fruit of our labor, the physical trophy we had obtained after our battle w/ adversity, common sense & stupid luck. All our hopes, dreams & the seeds to our new financial fruit tree, all that shit was now spread across 4 lanes of highway road. In the creepy hours of the early morning we single handedly shut down the I-75 for over 3 hours as a crew of a worker's shoveled Brahms & Mahler LP's into the backs of trucks.

Things can always get worse for me, lemme tell you.

So there we were dazed & confused as we stared dumbfounded @ our wrecked truck. Crews of flunkies were now shoveling our records off the damp asphalt. Turns out we weren't allowed to leave until a Pig took a report. So there we sat on the side of the road, sober, as we watched all our dreams of financial independence get thrown onto the back of dump trucks.

& these sub-normal's had the complexity to make sug-

gestions too! Lemme tell you, experts hide under all sorts unexpected guises. Turns out that the very same help that was suitable for handling a shovel were also expert record archivists too!

"ya know, these records will dry once the sun comes out. Then you can bring another truck here & have them all loaded up again & be on your way!"

Slack-jaw over here, was announcing this as he held a shovel full of damp album covers & vinyl, now scratched to shit, in front of me. Genius can be found in the least expected locals.

I forgot to mention that while loading up the truck we stumbled upon a box full of old Playboy Magazines, maybe 100 issues, about a 75 lbs box. Nothing 50's, but still some really clean copies from the 60's & even 70's. No gold, but silver is nothing to laugh @ either, so we tossed the box of Playboys in the truck, right?

Well, guess what's the 1st thing that is "discovered" as soon as the Pig rolls up? It's like 1:30 AM & the cop finally rolls around to make a report, by this time two lanes of traffic had been re-opened.

Pig,

"so tell me, what were you two men transporting through Florida?"

All you punks out there know the superiority in the tone that these dick-heads execute so effortlessly, when speaking down to you. They must practice in front of the mirror, while wearing a jock.

"records, lots of reco..."

Before I could even finish stuttering my last words a Florida flunky comes running up, on cue,

"sir, Officer, we found a lot of pornography..."

"oh! Is that so?"

"look Sir!"

& sure enough that simple little hillbilly fuck was showcasing our ONE box of vintage Playboy rags. Out of 10,000

+ records, all of a sudden everyone is obsessed on "pornography distribution".

"where exactly are you gentlemen from?"

Fuck.

Johnny & I looked @ each other, we knew we were about to step into a warm pile of dog shit & there was no turning away.

"california, Sir"

That was ALL he needed to hear.

"son, do you have a permit to transport pornography across state lines?"

What?

Yep, we sat in the back of a squad car until Mr. Bacon-Breath got bored of playing Tetris on the computer of his dash. Sometime later,

"ok, boys, everything checked out OK. Once you get this mess cleaned up I suggest you keep clear of Florida, we don't like California freaks around here..."

"yes Sir."

He radioed in a cab for us & left us to wait in the dead dark that was 3:00 AM. We sat there wearing our jackets, huddled stupidly in the cold. Miserable as we were, the Pig was gone & that was enough to warm us.

A cab finally deposited us in front of a Motel 6 @ some brainless hour, like 4:30 AM. We were exhausted to the point of delirium; still, I remember fumbling w/ my wallet trying to book the room. Somehow or another we had managed to obtain a 6 pack of MGD (beggars can't be choosers). I know I was jonesing out from under my skin; Johnny's bones must have been rattling. I looked over & saw him, almost shivering, leaning against a candy-machine in the lobby, fool.

He looked like some wrecked character out of a Hubert Selby, Jr. novel: pathetic.

Then something interesting happened.



"I tore into my pack in search of my camera. Finding it, I saw the batteries were dead so I took the spent cartridges out and vigorously started rubbing them up & down against my legs in hopes of generating something. I did this about $\frac{1}{2}$ a dozen times to no avail. Then after one last feverish attempt, the camera came to life & in a panic I raised the lens & fired my one & only shot."

A brother stepped into the lobby. Dressed in denim & a light jacket, he didn't look gangster, but he looked shady. Like maybe he was connected, somehow; Johnny picked up on it too.

Johnny descended on him. I could faintly hear them conversing, keeping things light, simple. Then the line was thrown out by Johnny:

"hey man, we're from out of town & we're short. Can you hook us up?"

By this point in the game, although I was still waiting @ the window my attention was focused on their interaction. From where I was standing I could see Johnny's spine arching in pain, he had his hands extended out in classic junky form. He was pleading w/ this guy. The brother wasn't saying much, he was taking it all in, he gave one final glance @ me as I tried to act calm & all knowing; I didn't wanna queer the deal. If anyone could score for us, it was Johnny.

His favorite imprint to leave on his victims was simple, classic & cruel: "Property of Johnny PeeBack".

Then the cock-sucker dropped a real cold & dead,

"nah, man. I don't know what you're talking about. Sorry, I can't help."

The god-damned mother-fucker shot us down! The weight of misery took on physical form & it now rested on my shoulders, in that split second my body gained 50lbs. We made it to our room & I collapsed on my bed as Johnny worked on the MGD. I awoke a few hours later to the sound of my phone ringing blindly,

my cell phone: way too much technology.

Everyone wanted a piece of me. The U Haul people had a LOT of questions. The Highway Patrol needed a few papers signed & the motel receptionists placed a courtesy call to let us know we had 30 minutes to get the fuck outta Dodge.

Good morning headache! All this & the fact that now we had no way of getting back home. We were stranded in Florida. Basically we had 30 minutes to figure out a way back home. Oh yeah, we wanted to get home FREE too. That's right, we weren't gonna pay shit for our return costs; we had already discussed this under mad laughter earlier that morning; when we sat in the damp.

The game plan was simple: score a set of free flights

home, right?

I woke up Johnny. He sputtered into life like an old jalopy w/ a rotary crank. Once a warm beer was rushing down his throat he was animated all over again,

"we back to last night's plan?"

"I have no other."

His face immediately slashed that shit eating smirk of his; he loved an uphill challenge.

"wanna bet?"

I come from a long line of crooked men & I can tell ya 9 times out of 10, when some asshole asks you that same question, "wanna bet?", chances are; you've already lost. & lemme tell ya, Johnny was a hell of a hustler- back then & especially now. But, by the same token I knew that a side wager would motivate us more than almost anything; pride was @ stake.

So we made the wager; the first to secure a pair of free flights HOME, for BOTH of us, wins. Wins what? Well, he wanted to bet a tattoo, yeah- he's a real sick-fuck. Winner picks a tattoo for loser & loser pays for it! I've known Johnny long enough to know E X A C T L Y how far he would go to burn someone. He, himself, was already covered w/ scores of asinine ink & he wanted the world to follow suit.

"no thanks, let's bet some pitchers of Stone"

"chicken-shit..."

"yeah & my fear is of looking like you! You ugly freak!"

"hehheheehe, alright two pitchers of Stone @ the PBS Pub?"

"it's on..."

Immediately he sprung to life on his phone. I had one wildcard up my sleeve, it was my only shot; I called Leo & asked him for Gidney's info. Gidney had a lot of pull @ LAX & we'd exchanged favors in the past, I felt the dice might roll for me.

By the time we started to receive returned calls we were @ a donut shop across the street & lemme tell ya, I don't think I've ever seen one sexy person walk out of a donut shop w/ a pink box in tow. It was a little over 1:30 in the afternoon when Johnny's phone rang, he sprung on it. By this point in the bet he was really being a dick-head. He had some paper in front of him & he was tapping a pen on the table between taking notes. He got that smirk on his face as he ended this one last call & wrote down some numbers in front of him. I knew I was going to pay to get him drunk.

God, how I hate this fucking guy, soOO glad I didn't bet that tattoo.

Although he boasts many a ridiculous tattoo, his victims always faired a little more humiliating a smear. His favorite imprint to leave on his victims was simple, classic & cruel: "Property of Johnny PeeBack" & the one that really scared me: "I only answer to the PeeBack".

Smiling like a poor girl's Brad Pitt, he broke into his acceptance speech,

"I've got it all figured out for us..."

This guy's confidence was ignorant. He was just lucky; he had more luck up his ass than a field of 4 leaf clovers. I had no choice, I had to follow his lead & that really burned me. I so wished I had a 7&7 in front of me, in place of a coffee & a maple bar. Then Dickhead got personal,

"you're gonna to need to dress nice... gonna have to shed your tuff-guy pose."

I bit my tongue like a fucking Marine & listened to orders. Turns out the tickets he scored were "employee comp" tickets & they require a dress code if you're going to board a plane representing their company. OK- I could work w/ that. We broke out our map (god bless AAA) & we began running the numbers. We were X amount of miles from our designated airport & we had X amount of hours to get their & we needed to score clothes.

Running, always running. I know nothing else.

After some simple math it was decided, we would rent a car; find some clothes & race to the airport. We had -like- 5 hours. No problem. Luck was all over Johnny's dick, a Budget Rent-a-Car was down the avenue & he had the skill to have them pick us up. He was on fire; I swallowed my ego & began to fantasize about sucking Binky's little titties in the next chunk of hours. The passenger seat, all of a sudden felt plush, real plush.

Johnny rolled up into a K-Mart parking lot. I dunno if any K-Marts still exist or if any of you peeps out there are even familiar w/ that chain of department stores; try to imagine a ghetto Walmart. Yes, try & imagine that. The plan was to get into some slacks & shirts, CHEAP. So there we were flipping through racks of Dickies garb when,

BLAMO! We're accosted verbally from the left!

It was the same mother-fucking brother that had shot us down earlier that morning. He was dressed in the same clothes, as us. Except this time the guy had a nappy haired 2 year old girl hanging on his arm. He wasted NO time, he started in like a tensed up car sales man,

"my crew! Whatever it is you need - I got!"

He was beyond animated, on the other emotional spectrum as he was a mere $\frac{1}{2}$ day ago. It was like something out of a movie, sizing us up, he continued,

"coke, you guys looking for some coke? I got weed too, kush, good stuff. I can get rock too! What you looking for, name it!"

The kid in his arms looked a little lost, she stared off into the distance, almost zombie like. He rattled off his name & before we had the chance to mutter a word, Lenard broke into a little soft-shoe in front of us, he was so giddy. Funny how much street credit is obtained from shopping @ a K-mart. Unfortunately we declined on his offers. Johnny broke our silence,

"sorry man, our plans have changed, we're bouncing NOW..."

"DAMN!"

"yeah, next time Lenard.."

"a'ight then..."

Later, @ the airport:

I looked ridiculous in my new & stiff Dickies & I was wearing my boots too! I felt so, so... pedestrian as we sat amongst the general public waiting @ a Florida airport for Jet Blue to muster up a couple seats.

I was doing some math in my head, when it dawned on me,

"dood, do you realize by the time we get home we will have been gone less than 36 hours?! That was one hell of a time, eh?"

"um, well, it might take us a little more time to get back home..."

"what do you mean? We're on our way home right now, right?"

"well, technically yes. But, our chances of catching a free flight to California will triple if we leave from JFK..."

"so, you're telling me we're going to NYC in order to make it easier to get to LAX?"

"that's exactly what I'm saying, simple math- really..."

as he concentrated on the comics section of the *New York Times*.

Well, as you can imagine, simple math didn't add up for us, we had a small set back @ the Big Rotten Apple. This one wasn't my fault either. Johnny was exercising one of his more amusing philosophies:

The B-Squad Theory.

& well, that's a whole 'nother story all together & I've already clocked in @ over 3,000 words on this waste of your time (you should be out making money). Keeping it nice & sweet, I'll wrap this one up for you right now w/ this:

By the time we got home, I was being billed \$2,750.00 from the State of Florida for damage to the highway. U-haul wanted 35 grand for damage to their truck &, as for Johnny, that fool had a broken arm the whole time. By the time he discovered it, it was too late to put in a cast & he wasn't about to have it re-broken. That's where he got that adorable crooked arm,

"It's a good opener w/ the chix..."

Johnny will tell you, if you ask him about it.

So, I guess you could say some good came from that little venture.

Oh wait, I take that back!

Nothing, absolutely nothing good came from that little escapade as I was also forced to get Johnny drunk & then endure his nonstop banter about his gangster-like ways & how superior his moves are to mine on the dance floor that is life.

- * * -

KRK Dominguez - Silverlake, Ca. - 8/23/10 - 10:40 PM



Rink

AGENT

Photo by Mike E.

Whether you're talking about So Cal Punk Rock, HB Punk, OC Punk, or even Death Rock, there is only one name that has influenced all those genres: Rikk Agnew.

If you only know Rikk from his groundbreaking music on the Adolescents debut album, well, it's a damn good place to start. Rikk has played with, damn near, every important L.A. punk band around, and after 30 plus years, he's not slowing down. Always funny, and always clever. Ladies, and Gentlemen . . . Mr. Agnew:

1. First off, Rikk, I want to thank you for agreeing to answer more of my questions. You were part of two distinctly different music scenes (though, somehow connected), with The Adolescents, and then Christian Death. Which band do you feel best represented you musically?

If you mean on the broadest spectrum I would have to say my solo works do. The more compromising I did, the less representation of course, but I feel that I, at least, put my watermark on everything I've ever done. But if you are making me choose between the two most popular, and obviously different styles I would say yes...

2. I remember reading back in the '90's, that you were asked to join several prominent L.A. bands including Suicidal Tendencies, Circle Jerks, Black Flag, and 45 Grave (who you played with years later). What prompted your decision to decline, and can you give examples of the "sales pitch" you were given?

I kind of went on a bohemian street-person stumblarti mode for a few, and hung out in L.A. with Gerber for a bit, other punk 'manors' and the 'Church' (SST). While in South Bay I ran into Luigi, the OG bassist of S.T., and he propositioned me to take Grant Estes position, Keith 'courted' me a couple of nights at the Starwood (man, there was awesome shows nightly then!) to be a second guitarist, but Greg didn't like the idea. Black Flag wanted me to drum, but I was still green,...OK a pussy, as far as hardcore dedication (live @ The Church on \$5 a day allowance, and talk of non-stop touring).

With 45 Grave, I was - still am, and always will be - blown away by the complex madness of their material, & Paul Cutler's playing/writing.

To be honest with ya, when I did finally play with (still a badge of honor for me) them, I still kind of fudged allot of the parts.

3. At one point, or another every singer and/or guitarist gets an inkling to make a solo album, Pat Smear, Joey Shithead, Greg Graffin, and more recently Tim Armstrong. Why do you think your first solo project has remained as popular as it has? It is viewed as the benchmark of punk solo projects.

The coffer photo! Arararr I used good curing properties. Family secret. Payola. A sleeper that slowly awakens as if a... turtle?

4. How did you come to play guitar in PooP with singer Scott Hoogland, of the legendary O.C. band The Mechanics? Rumor is that Social Distortion used The Mechanics as their blueprint, dual guitar, garage mechanic look, etc.

I asked him. Scott has, and always will be my ideal front man, my singer in shining sweat. I roadied for them, pretty much, their entire existence. I was at, pretty much, every show and rehearsal. My 'sound' is basically my version of The Mechanics (Scott, Tim Racca, Dennis Catron, and Sandy Hanson). To me they will always be the best band ever. PooP is basically a 'Mechanics tribute' band, which has grown tentacles from the various participants: Scott, Perry Giordano, Steve Guevara, myself & Jod of Adolescents, Chaotic Stature, and 'Mad Bomber', which was Scott, Perry, Steve G., Jod, and various drummers including myself for a bit.

As far as The Mechanics/Social Distortion 'blueprint rumor', I don't think it was a premeditatedly contrived plan as much as just subconscious and/or inspirational honor.

5. Our last question, rather than complain about the current state of punk rock, my question to you is: do you find it strange, or maybe amusing how accepted punk is now?

Strange? No. If you're talking about \$punk\$, it was bound to eat itself, commercialize or perish.

Amusing? Definitely. I remember when "punk" was a baby, along with the invention of the automobile, and telephone, I would daydream of a world of punx, 1,000,000 punks rool, the day the world would turn Day-Glo (remember Day-Glo fellow classmates?). Arararr...it is cute. Awwwww...but if we talking "punk"...it was an ill-coined term that basically defined freedom of choice, individuality, diversity, and most importantly, chilling out, and having fun, to live, and let live, not judge but enjoy-celebrate-unwad the frikkin panties. "Punk" is a philosophy of life, a fire that lives in the heart, mind and spirit forever. It was the feed-back-lash of the hippie movement, the Flipside (pun intended) of the subculture movement. As a good friend of mine once told me 'if you were then, and aren't now, you never were...' and to that, I add...and never will be.

Ah fuck it, who am I to say? I'm just some half-senile fat old Mick-spick who lives the key of life: fun!

<http://rikkagnew.freehostia.com/> - site

http://www.zazzle.com/rikk_agnew - store

Photo by KRK.





**CLICK HERE FOR
VIDEO INTERVIEW**

Off

A band with a plan, Man.

by Dave Travis....
Photos by Billy Caldwell

Keith Morris: I've known Demitri through working at V2 records; and we started working on a record by another band, another band that I have been in for the last 30 years; and things didn't work out the way they were supposed to so we just said 'hey, it's time to start a band of our own and here we are.

Steve McDonald: And then I was at Eagle Rock Center for performing arts... and I ran into my old friend Keith, and he said 'Hey, I'm starting a new band with Dimitri from Burning Brides'... and they both had talked about me playing bass.

Dave Travis: You did Texas and then the two shows in California so far?

Keith: We played three shows at South by Southwest and accomplished what we wanted to accomplish. We were originally only going to play two shows, to build the buzz and create the vibe.

Steve: Don't let them in on our marketing strategy! Its all very authentic and we just thought we would do a couple shows. Keep the mystique alive.

Keith: and we were approached by the South by Southwest itself to do an official South by Southwest show at Emo's Junior, which turned out to be a genius move on our behalf because it was completely packed; and that was the one that all the industrious, all the people who worked in show biz were there... We did the three shows in Texas, and since then we've done two other shows. We played the Sixth Street Warehouse which was a show we set up.

Steve: We've played three other shows.

Keith: Three other shows, o.k., yes because we played the Pro-Tect pool party, and then we played up in San

Francisco, so we've played a grand total of six shows and were being taunted now. The English press is calling us probably the greatest thing thats ever happened to amplified loud music, that were the saviors of rock and roll and..We've played six shows, we've played the sixth street warehouse, Dave, you were there, you saw what we were about.

Steve: You documented it....

Our first proper Los Angeles show was actually a gallery opening of sorts for Raymond [Pettibone]. We showed a lot of Raymond's work. Work that we kind of selected from his older stuff...And he also came in and did some new pieces. It was like highbrow hardcore. You know, it was like highbrow hardcore, the evening was, I would say.

Travis: How many songs did you guys record?

Steve: About 11 or something.

Keith: I think we recorded 11 songs.

Steve: But we are just focusing on mixing four as the first EP.

Travis: Where did you guys record it?

Steve: At King Size, really close, Eagle Rock.

Keith: Yeah, he's a neighbor of yours, Dave Tromfio

Travis: So you guys recorded to analog and then you..

Steve: Nah, we actually recorded to Pro Tools because I have Pro Tools at my house so I can mix it.

Travis: Do you spend more time mixing now that you can mix at your house?

Steve: Well you know its like, when you have your own facility, its like when is the painting done? When in the old days it was like, well we've got three hundred dollars and that gives us twelve hours of recording time... So when the clock strikes...When the big hand hits the 12 then we'd better be done with the painting because thats all we have time for. But now its like we can keep adding a stroke here or there, or its a lazy Sunday so lets reinvent this painting even.





Keith: What we're going to do is a series of four song, seven inch, EP's; and once there complete, it turns into a full blown record. What we'll do is after the four, four song EPs; we'll record probably another handfull of songs, and choose maybe two or three more songs, and that turns into an album.

Travis: What are you guys trying to accomplish?

Steve: What are we trying to accomplish? The ultimate party. I don't know [to Keith] what are you trying to accomplish? I know that Keith is still fucking pissed Off! He's got to vent it.

Keith: Well, I'm angry about a lot of things. But also this band is going to present some opportunities for me that I've never really had, or when they were presented in the past they were never taken advantage of or...what I'm getting at is I would like to play summertime festivals in Europe. Which is supposed to be a really fun thing, and there are all sorts of people there and lots of great music. And, I would love to play in Japan. Japan and Australia.

Steve: See, Keith is not jaded at all. There's many chapters left, and many things. Lots of journeys you've yet to experience.

Steve: What is this interview for? Which publication?

Travis: Flipside 2010.

Steve: It's for Flipside? Is this for Flipside online or something?

Travis: Yeah.

Steve: Right. Wow! I didn't know! Cool! I didn't know this was for Flipside.

Keith: So, how many times were you on the cover of Flipside?

Steve: I know at least one time. I might have been on another one, like a shared cover or something. Flipside, yeah, o.k., great. Flipside. Terrific. Has this interview been appropriate for Flipside?

Travis: Yeah.

Steve: You're going to cut the shit out of it, right?

Travis: Yeah. They are not going to give me forty pages!



JEFF



REDWOOD

THE SUMMER CONCERT SERIES

Is It Really Tuesday?

at The Redwood Bar during June
by BC

The text message came in about 3 weeks prior to the beginning of June. Dirty Ed Fantl asked us (MILLION KIDS) to be the resident band on Tuesdays over at the pirate themed Redwood Bar in downtown Los Angeles for Dirty Ed's Tuesdays during the month of June. At first, I have to be honest, residencies actually are a quite scary thing at times for a band, especially in Los Angeles. The pressure to pull a crowd consistently at the same venue week after week, is not an easy task, and then add the fact it was supposed to be on Tuesdays – in a month with five (5) Tuesdays!!! Egad..... BUT, we wanted to play at The Redwood again, and we really like Ed so we jumped at the opportunity. The first issue of Flipside2010 had already been out a few months and we were headed toward the second issue. I knew that we needed at least one show to help promote the release of the summer issue, and since we release the magazine on the solstices and equinoxes, and the summer solstice fell on a Tuesday, we figured why not make June 22, 2010 a Flipside show?

I called Joe Henderson, and ask if he could help me set up that night, and we were able to book a stellar lineup with THE STAINS, DOGGY STYLE and DECRY.....success!! All was well.....then the word



Dirty Ed
photo by Billy Caldwell



photo by Billy Caldwell

(from left to right) Duley, Mike Livingston,
Joe Henderson, Benny Seigel, Nubs, Kim
Masters, Cindy Ramos, Mike Maniford



spread..... eventually Joe and I received call after call about wanting to play the Flipside2010 show, but we only had that one night planned. Well, long story short, we decided to load up the Tuesday nights with good friends like THE GEARS, CARNAGE ASADA, SYLVIA JUNCOSA, DE DE TROIT, THE LIVINGSTONS, BRAINSPOON, COMPREHEND, and LEGAL WEAPON! I hoped to see a few people show up to support, but once again a Tuesday in Los Angeles for music is like a guaranteed empty club. In fact, MILLION KIDS had not played on a weekday in over 2 years! So, now the stress of it not working started to kick in -- one big question mark.

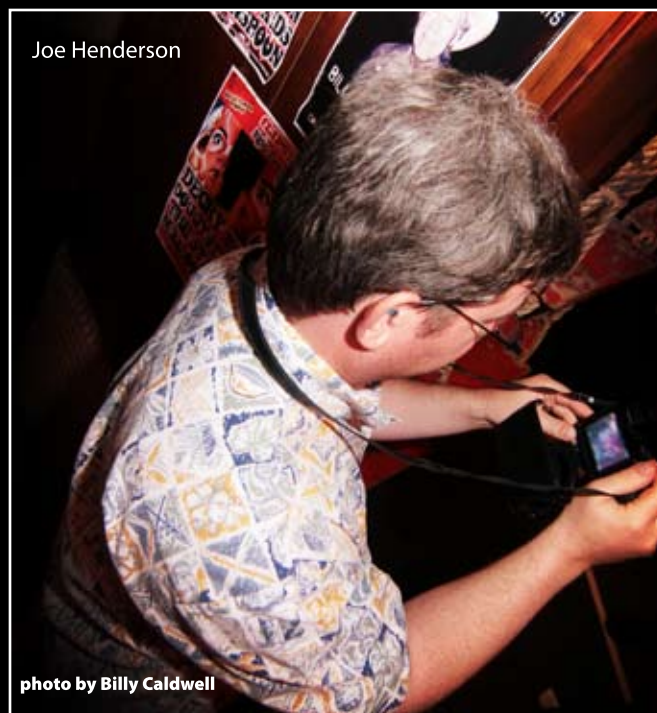
June 1, 2010 -- The first day of the residency came, and this was going to be our "Flipside2010 Preview night", aka the test run.... Old and new faces were everywhere. "Is this Tuesday?" I thought to myself. The place looked packed like a Friday night show. De De Troit kicked off the series with an acoustic set, much different than the UXA growl; but, she did her thing and she did it well. I really appreciated her making the gig, and hope to see her again. Next up was our friend Sylvia Juncosa, the infamous guitar chanteuse and her merry men of rhythm Steve Reed, and Tom Hofer. They blazed through an amazing set of guitar bliss, and groovy psychedelic tunes. Solid and unique. Then, came THE LIVINGSTONS, hard hitting and straight to the point with a rock and roll punch that would lay out the biggest of souls. They ripped through their set of high energy tunes with gang vocals on the choruses. Michael Livingston, best known for the MAU MAUS, shredded that guitar of his into oblivion. A definite must see act. Then we took the stage and did our thing. The crowd was responsive and the vibe in the room is what you look for. Josh Casper had just joined the Kids, and this was his debut performance with us. It just clicked. Dirty Ed, Joe and I shook hands after the gig, and walked away with smiles on our face, one down four to go.

June 8, 2010 -- The Unofficial FLipside2010 Night #1/2....lol.....Included THREE WAY, a 3 piece outfit with extreme CELEBRITY SKIN overtones....oh wait, maybe because the frontman is Jason, the guitarist from CELEBRITY SKIN!! Great band, solid catchy tunes, and all around good peeps. JOHNNY CHEAPO knocked it out of the park with a high energy karate kick of sonics, got the crowd going and brought the business. SKULL CONTROL featuring our good friends KIDD SPIKE, MIKE MANIFOLD, and SEAN SHIFT from the GEARS (aka the FAB band) tore through a killer set of tunes off of their Radio Danger CD that was released in the 90's. Mike Alessi was on guitar and Spike fronted. It was some bad ass shit that put a smile on my face. We split the door take and grabbed a last beer from Amy the bartender, high fived and waited for the following Tuesday.

June 15, 2010 -- Flipside2010 Night #1 (the official start of the series) included one of my favorites LEGAL WEAPON. Kat Arthur's voice is the essence of the blues punk quartet. Sultry and dirty is the best way, with amazing guitar work by Brian Hansen. The LA Weekly had given LEGAL WEAPON a great write up and pick of the night (actually most of the nights were picks!). BRAINSPOON kicked off the night with a garage rock influenced punch and a smooth, well rounded set list. 2 girls, 2 guys....ABBA is jealous. Michele Balderama's killer guitar lines, and Tom Underhill's solid bass work, create a force field of garage bliss. Daphne Vandervalk smooth vocals and Chris Diez's hard hitting drums make this a band to look out for.

June 22, 2010 -- Flipside2010 Night #2 with the infamous DECRY! where Farrell Holtz dedicated the band's hit "Falling" to Hudley Flipside. We had kicked off the night and were followed by East L.A. Legends THE STAINS, who ripped through a set of electric punk hardcore ditties that left you catching your breath. Rudy Navarro has to be one of L.A.'s finest frontmen. DOGGYSTYLE is back in action and is strong as ever. They were actually my very first punk show when I was a kid in Vegas, so very cool to see them out there again. Read more about the night in Joe Henderson's article later in the magazine. [CLICK HERE](#).

June 28, 2010 -- Flipside2010 Night #3(a/ka NELA FAMILIA night) All the homies on board for this final night of the redwood series and our residency. THE GEARS, our BBQ homies, came to take names, and take names they did. From "Let's Go to the Beach" to "Baby Run-around," Axxel G. Reese, Kidd Spike, Mike Manifold and Sean Shift let the crowd have it. Mike and Sean were gracious enough to relinquish their instruments so that the original drummer (Dave Drive) and bassist (Brian Redz) could reunite with Axxel and Spike for a couple of songs. It was an amazing set that even included the now infamous Axxel G. Reese's Leap Of Death. Axxel went for the chandelier high above the dance floor -- missed -- and took out a bunch of people in the audience. It was amazing to see live! CARNAGE ASADA were also on board with their funk punk attack. George Murillo spitin' lyrics, Tony Fate shredding the SG in his hands, while Dave Jones and Chris Stein, pummeled the bass lines into your ear holes. Last issues' cover boy, Steve Reed, was on drums, takin' care of business, not only for Carnage, but also for SYLVIA JUNCOSA, who was also on the bill. Her 3 piece, including Tom Hofer (Leaving Trains) on bass,





Johnny Cheapo



photo by Billy Caldwell

The Livingstons



photo by Billy Caldwell

Johnny Cheapo



took the crowd on a guitar driven jam, with touches of Hendrix mixed in with the grrrr of SST. I always love watchin' them play. COMPREHEND opened the show, barely making it there due to car problems, but they showed up at the nick of time a blasted through a hefty set on new school punk tunes, tight and solid, definitely go see these guys!

So, it all came to an end, we had made it through the battlefield, and left feeling like we had a successful run at it. Dirty Ed goes down in history as the man who made TUESDAYS THE NEW FRIDAY in Los Angeles.....and Joe Henderson , I don't know how to thank you for all the help putting the shows together, and for all those amazing shots you take!

Finally, to ALL THE BANDS that played that residency with us, we will remember those shows 'till the day we die....thank you for being part of it.





Skull Control



De De Tro



Nubs



Three Way



photo by Billy Caldwell



Skull Control



Comprehend



Carnage Asada



photo by Billy Caldwell

Decry



photo by Billy Caldwell



photo by Billy Caldwell

Matt Irwin, Cindy
Ramos, Mike
Manifold, Video
Louis, and others



Joe Henderson and Crowd

Legal Weapon



Brainspoon



photo by Joe Henderson



Million Kids



Steve Reed, Sylvia Juncosa







Brainspoon

photo by Billy Caldwell



The Stains



Flipside 2010 Summer Concert Series at The Redwood Night No. 3

featuring Decry, Doggy Style, Stains and Million Kids

at The Redwood in downtown Los Angeles (June 22, 2010) by Joe Henderson

I gotta tell you, in my middle age, I really appreciate the opportunity to see classic punk bands in a low key and intimate venue such as The Redwood. Cheesy pirate theme aside, the food is great, the staff is very friendly and the Bass Pale Ale is on tap. There are no sketchy bathrooms and the booths adjacent to the stage is about as close as I'll ever get to sit in a luxury skybox.

Opening up the show was Flipside 2010's house band, The Million Kids, who were doing a Tuesday night June residency at The Redwood. Most of the people in attendance came to see heavy hitters --Decry, Doggy Style and/or the Stains. However, by and large, the audience was very receptive to The Kids' brand of infectious neo-old school punk rock.

The Stains "brought it" from East L.A. to The Redwood. The band was tight as a drum even though they were breaking in a talented and aggressive young bass player -- sporting a mohawk with liberty spikes. Rudy Navarro remains one of the most compelling frontmen in punk rock -- at one point jumping up onto a booth nearest the stage a la Blag of the The Dwarves. (Axxel Reese of The Gears topped Rudy the following Tuesday by leaping from the aforementioned spot to chandelier suspended from the ceiling.) Robert Becerra flailed away at his guitar putting about 95% of all other punk guitarists to shame. A slam pit erupted as all the old grizzled punk veterans in the audience cast aside their canes and walkers and shuffled around in front of the stage. (I am kidding about the canes and walkers -- but not the slam pit.) I would see this band again in a heartbeat. You should too.

The current incarnation of Doggy Style traces its roots to AWOL 69, a band formed in the early eighties for a high school talent show. Several "classic" Doggy Style songs, such as "Ladies from Neptune," "Nymphomaniac," "Rookie Cop," and "Donut Shop Rock" were actually AWOL 69 tunes which predated Doggy Style.

The show hinged on new material which was musically more sophisticated than the straight-ahead bubblegum skate punk of classic Doggy Style -- complete with a triple guitar onslaught. However, there was still an emphasis on fun with the band members wearing green t-shirts, jumping around, and entertaining the hell out of the crowd. However, there was no "Doggy Pile" and no donuts were thrown.

Ed Caudill, who is the de facto "alpha dog" of the band, spoke movingly during a break in the set about how much Flipside means to Doggy Style and how much Flipside has done for Doggy Style over the years including the band making the cover of Flipside no. 48 in 1986. Ed's sentiments were certainly appreciated by all of the Flipside alumni in attendance.

Each member of the band brought his spouse or significant other to the show and they were all perched in a booth adjacent to the stage. It almost looked like the season finale of "The Real Doggy Housewives of Orange County" except that none of them were throwing drinks or getting into a catfights. (I am kidding again. The Doggy spouses are all very lovely women and each member of the band is blessed beyond measure.)

Following the conclusion of the set, Billy Caldwell and I took Doggy Style outside to the 2nd Street Tunnel for an impromptu photo shoot only to find KRK Dominguez pulling the same stunt with the Stains -- except that Doggy Style were bribing homeless people and blocking traffic.

Unfortunately, when we got back to The Redwood, I could hear Farrell Holtz dedicating Decry's signature song, "Falling," to none other than Hudley Flipside. This meant that Decry's set was just about over. We were disappointed that we missed Decry; however, we appreciate Decry headlining the show and Farrell keeping the faith for all of these years. (Decry is headlining another Flipside show with White Flag on September 19, 2010. So, look out for plenty of Decry pictures in Flipside 2010 issues no. 4 which will be out about the time Santa Claus is loading up his sleigh.)

Paul gettin a mugshot with
Kim Masters from Million
Kids





Photos by Joe Henderson

The Stains





Photos by Joe Henderson



Sylvia Juncosa



Million Kids with Duley on guest vocals 4
"Wild In The Streets"

The Livingstons



Sylvia Juncosa

Decry



photo by Billy Caldwell



Decry





LS D
Break
Frontier
Raven
Subject to
Warlord's
Serenity
Blood
S

Photo by Tom Underhill



Million Kids





Ellen Rooney, Chis Diez, Daphne Vandervalk

photo by Billy Caldwell

The Gears

photo by Billy Caldwell

Brainspoon









Million Kids

Carnage Asada



Legal Weapon



Doggystyle



Photos by Joe Henderson











Hugh Asnen and Duley
on guest vocals during
the Million Kids set



Photo Tom Underhill

photo by Billy Caldwell



Timbo...somos misteriosos



photo by Billy Caldwell





Photos by Tom Underhill



Orange County's Doggy Style at Club Lingerie in Hollywood, CA (June 7, 1986)

PUNK TO GRAVITY

by the Henderson







fireHOSE at the Central Service in Hollywood, CA (1986)

fireHOSE

Joseph Henderson of Yahoo

Joseph Henderson of Yahoo



FIREHOSE

Canada's D.O.A. at the Club Lingerie in Hollywood, CA (October 28, 1987)

Melbourne, Australia's Vicious Circle at Club Lingerie in Hollywood, CA (June 7, 1986)

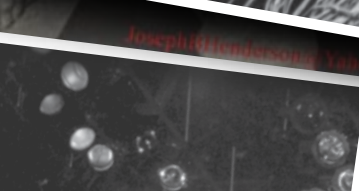
Decry at a backyard party in West Los Angeles (1986)







Doggy Style



Joseph Henderson at Yahu



Canada's SNFU at the Cathay De Grande, Hollywood, CA (1985)



SNFU at The Central Service in Hollywood, CA (8/9/86)



Canada's D.O.A. at the Club Lingerie in Hollywood, CA (October 28, 1987)



SNFU





Seven Seconds at the Sun Valley Sportsman's Hall (1984)



JosephBHenderson@Yahoo.com



SNFU at a backyard party in West Los Angeles" (1986)



DISTORTED PONY

photo by Billy Caldwell

FLIPSIDE

OUR BAND SUCKS

***Barrio Tiger, Our Band Sucks, Million Kids, Doggy Style
and Distorted Pony
at The Crest in Torrance, CA
(August 20, 2010)
by Joe Henderson***

When my wonderful wife, Rebecca, and I arrived at The Crest, Billy Caldwell had already set up camp at a table in the back of the bar with his MacBook, oversized trackball mouse, professional video camera, lights and a tripod. I teased Billy mercilessly asking him in my best nerd voice if he was playing Asteroids on his Atari computer. It turned out that Billy brought all of this equipment so that he could stream the entire show live on the Internet – complete with a moderated chat room. I was absolutely flabbergasted. We had people from all across the country watching the show and chatting away. Sometimes, I think that Billy must be Al Flipside's illegitimate love child because Billy is infused with Al Flipside's D.I.Y. mad scientist D.N.A.

photo by Billy Caldwell

LOLO NIGHT #5



DOGGYSTYLE

photo by Billy Caldwell

photo by Billy Caldwell

First up were Barrio Tiger, garage punk done right with a group of extremely talented musicians playing balls out with great stage presence. They have a mustachioed guitarist who looks like he stepped out of his big rig (trucker's hat, flannel shirt – the whole nine yards) just to strap on his guitar and start takin' names and kickin' ass. I have sent a memorandum to Billy on official Flipside 2010 stationery instructing him to put Barrio Tiger on heavy rotation for subsequent Flipside shows.

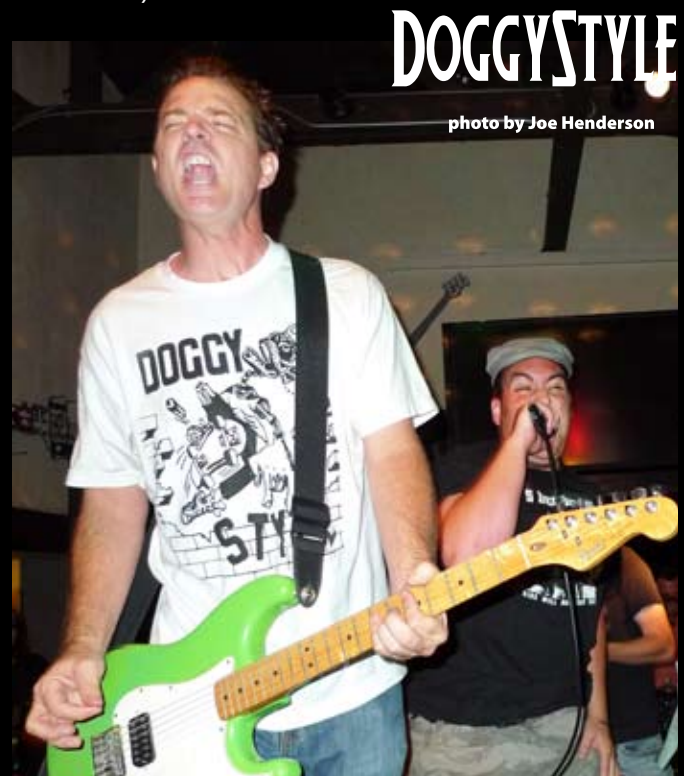
I only had an opportunity to meet Jimmy Alvarado once back in the eighties, but I have heard so much about Jimmy and his brother Johnny from Shane White (The Rip Offs) and members of the Ink Disease crew that attended Area H Alternative School with the Alvarado brothers. So, it was like seeing an old friend again at the Crest because of our shared friends and shared experiences.

Jimmy's group, Our Band Sucks, holds themselves out as a joke band, but the joke is on them because they have some very catchy melodic punk tunes about seemingly random subjects, i.e. "Bacon and Eggs," "Pic 'N' Save," and "My Grandpa Killed Hitler." The band's singer, Joel Hova, is one bad ass m*f*er who you wouldn't want to tell that his band sucks – unless you had about a thirty second head start before he started chasing you down. As the show progressed, Joel's face became beet red. He removed all of his articles of clothing until he was stripped down to his chonnies. Joel's wifebeater was soaked with about a gallon of flop sweat. My dear Rebecca, the palliative care nurse practitioner, thought that Joel was going to either code or stroke out right on the spot. Somebody please bring a portable defibrillator and a bunch of Lipitor to slip in Joel's beers next time the band plays! Go see this band play live – while you still can! (In Joel's defense, it was hot – August hot -- up on stage.)

Flipside 2010's house band, Million Kids, were next. Tom Underhill of Brainspoon was taking photos of the Kids and he brought a portable flash unit and placed it on the stage. When I would take photographs with my handy Panasonic LX3, Tom's flash would also fire resulting in some crazy, severely lit, Bauhaus-style photos. (Take a look at the photo of the Kids accompanying this review and see what I mean.)

I have already reviewed Doggy Style elsewhere in this fine publication, so my comments will be brief. As you can see from the accompanying photographs, Doggy Style are all about high energy fun. Doggy Style rolled out Massachusetts transplant (complete with an SSD t-shirt) Unreal Ditch to help out with the vocal chores. Unreal was having a blast spending about half of the time jumping around and singing from the pit. Thanks to Doggy Style for slipping past the Orange Curtain into the wilds of the South Bay and braving an armed holdup (I am not kidding) to play this gig.

Headlining the show were Distorted Pony who had just finished performing live for the Demolisten show at the nearby KXLU studios. Distorted Pony were a little late to the "noise" or "industrial" party and, although they gained a following in the early nineties, they are not as well remembered as some of the "heavy hitters" from the eighties. Nonetheless, Distorted Pony remains a very compelling act and after a seventeen year break it was great seeing them playing around again – even if on a sporadic basis. Google "Demolisten" and "Distorted Pony," and you will find three amazing video of the band playing, "Angel on a Haug," "Go Kart," and "Death in the Turnstile" live. (This will give you a taste of what you missed out on by staying home and watching reruns of "Law and Order" or screwing around on Facebook.)



DISTORTED PONY



photo by Billy Caldwell

BARRIO TIGER

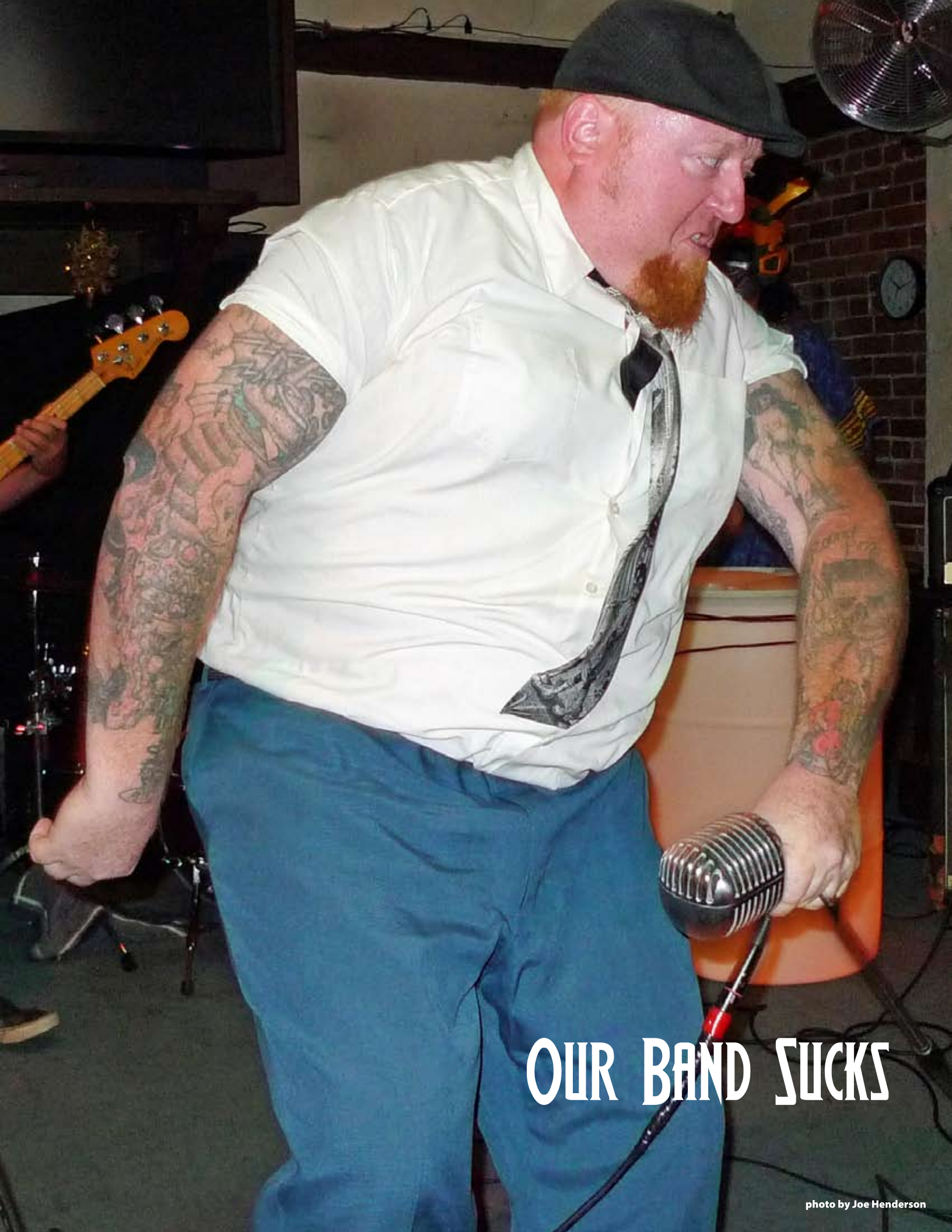


photo by Billy Caldwell

MILLION KIDS



photo by Joe Henderson



OUR BAND SUCKS

DOGGYSTYLE



photo by Joe Henderson



DOGGYSTYLE

photo by Joe Henderson

DISTORTED PONY



photo by Billy Caldwell



BARRIO TIGER





JBH

photo by Joe Henderson



Photo by Tom Underhill



Photo by Tom Underhill





Photo by Joe Henderson

OUR BAND SUCKS





Nothin'
But
Doggy
Style is



Back!

Doggy Style were interviewed by Joe Henderson and Billy Caldwell outside of The Redwood on June 22, 2010 after finishing their set. The entire band was present, but Doggy Style's O.G. Alpha Dog, Ed Caudill did most of the talking.

FS: A lot of Doggy Style's songs came from AWOL 69. Can you explain how this came about?

DS: AWOL 69 started as a high school band. We were together for a couple of years. Everyone went their own separate ways after high school. That is when I met Brad Xavier and Lou Guyez and that when we started Doggy Style.

FS: Most people don't appreciate that "Ladies from Neptune," "Donut Shop Rock" and other Doggy Style songs are actually AWOL 69 songs?

DS: The band just re-recorded "Ladies from Neptune" and "Donut Shop Rock" along with another AWOL 69 song, "Suicidal Maniac." Basically, all of the old stuff you heard in our set tonight was from AWOL 69.

FS: So, you guys reformed as AWOL 69, played around as AWOL 69, tested the waters, and then came out as Doggy Style.

DS: Exactly.

FS: How did that all work?

DS: We got offered better shows as Doggy Style (laughter).

FS: Any high powered entertainment lawyers throwing any law-suits your way?

DS: No (laughter). For anyone who is remotely concerned, we (Mark Tolbert, Tim Fyke and Ed Caudill) did Doggy Style II together. Mark was also in the original line up of Doggy Style.

FS: Do Brad and Lou know about this?

DS: I am sure they do.

FS: As a straightedge kid coming up, I did not know what to make of the Kottonmouth Kings. Any thoughts?

DS: I (Ed) am not a big follower of the Kottonmouth Kings, but I do know they have done very well for themselves. They went in their own direction.

FS: Have you run into Brad or Lou?:

DS: I (Ed) haven't seen them since a friend's funeral six or seven years ago.

FS: Ed, you recorded "Doggy Style II" on Flipside Records and then left the band. What happened?

DS: Doggy Style II was never intended to be a band. It was a collective. Basically, it was a bunch of talented musicians that I put together to put a record out. When the record was done, the project was completed as far as I was concerned. However, once the record was released, from what I understand, Al Flipside contacted Rib Finley (a member of the collective) and pressed him to do another record. When I was asked to be part of it, I declined. That is when the "Don't Hit Me Up" record came out.

FS: Do you have any of the master tapes from any of the Doggy Style releases? I (Ed) had a reel to reel tape of "Side By Side" but it was destroyed in a house fire.

FS: Wasn't there a reference on the band's website about some tapes mysteriously showing up at your parent's doorstep?

DS: I (Ed) really can't go into that right now. I am taking the 5th on that one. (laughter) You might see some more stuff pop up, but we are really happy with the vibe and sound of what we are doing right now. We think it is better than anything we have ever done.

FS: Agreed.

DS: So, we have decided to leave all that behind and press forward.

FS: Let's talk about the future. What is the plan?

DS: Doggy Style is going to continue to be all about fun. We also want to spread the word "unity" to the scene. We also want to send out a positive message. We have recorded ten songs. We want to write six more songs and probably take the best three of them and release "Doggy Style IV."







photo by Billy Caldwell



photo by Billy Caldwell





Transient Reality WITH THE

By Sylvia Juncosa also known as "Sly-J" URINALS

Urinals were interviewed August 7, 2010, sitting under the grapefruit tree at Sly-J's Los Angeles home. Present were the Urinals members John Talley-Jones (bass, lead vocals), Kevin Barrett (drums), and Rob Roberge (guitar), and Kat Talley-Jones, wife of John and a contributor to the band.

John: Incoming!

(a large grapefruit falls from the tree above, narrowly missing Kathy)

All: !

Kat: This might not be a good place to sit ...

Rob: C'mon, it gives it an element of ... uh ...

John: ... Terror!

SJ: The Urinals are all unusually clever people. It's just a 3-piece band, but your combined IQ would weigh down any tour bus. What do you guys talk about while on the road? You must have some unusual conversations.

Rob: Weird scientific theories ...

Kat: Different sexual positions ...

Kevin: Usually we spend the first hour in the morning -

Kat: Comatose

Kevin: - Talking about whoever we spent the night with ... bitching about them ...

SJ: Bitching?!

Rob: And then we make fun of John and all his containers of food

Kat: And his container rituals

Rob: About an hour in, he'll have a snack. And the snack is in some system that's like those Russian dolls that are all inside of each other. He has this, like, World War 1 K-Ration silver tin that opens into 37 compartments. And one has a raisin, and one has a nut ... and he mixes them

SJ: But if it's like the Russian dolls, and inside each container is another yet smaller one, when do you get to the food? You'd never get to eat

... you'd just keep opening cartons ...

John: (very serious) If you have an organized system it's very easy to find what you want

Rob: He mixes the foods, and he eats, and Kevin and I are kind of like squirrels under the table, we get whatever drops down ... So yeah, about an hour in, we make fun of John for the way he carries containers

Weird Theories and the Eternal Digression

“To me it’s a geometrical puzzle that has to be worked out in my head. It’s a visual thing.” -
John, about songwriting



photo by Joe Henderson

Rob: Kevin has this theory about dust. This has been a constant discussion while on the road. It's a theory that is based in science, and we've asked an engineer friend about it, a guy who does prototype cars and stuff, he knows science ...

Kevin: The basic theory is ... Okay for combustion there are three elements: fuel, oxygen, and heat. It's a ratio, you need the proper ratio. If you increase one element enough, the other ones become relatively insignificant. Like when you make kindling you're increasing the surface area of the wood, so you need less heat and less oxygen to get a fire going. Or if you have a super-oxygenated thing, it's very flammable.

John: It can be an accelerant in a fire

Kevin: Right. So, if you take anything, and grind it down fine enough, into a super-fine powder, it gets to the point where the natural heat, ambient heat, could cause it to explode.

Kat: Spontaneous combustion

SJ: Really?

Rob: So Kev's theory is that if you grind anything into a fine enough powder it could ignite at room temperature



SJ: So that's what happened to Spinal Tap?
 Rob: We spend many hours on the road discounting Kevin's theory. In ways that amuse us.
 SJ: Sure. Thinking of things you could grind up ...
 Rob: Any time we'd see anything powder-like, we'd wonder if it were going to explode. If Kevin's theory were right that is. But it doesn't hold water.

Drugs and Bank Robberies

John: We usually deconstruct the experiences of the night before. We talk about the bands we played with, the experiences of the club, and so on. We all bring some different observation into it.
 Rob: Talk about all the drugs I avoided.
 SJ: Really? Are you on a drug-avoiding regimen?
 Kevin: Except in Seattle when you asked if anyone had any Percodan
 Rob: Well I'd hurt my back! And I jokingly said 'Hey if anyone has any pain medication or something' and this kid comes up to me and says

ence, normal people, who say why would I pay money to fall asleep ... or to throw up ...
 Rob: And it would be safer, you'd know what you were buying
 SJ: Right, all the benefits of lower crime, maybe bring in some tax money ...
 Rob: Prohibition on drugs hasn't reduced drug addicts, and it's surely fueled crime.
 SJ: And then we're spending all this money on prisons. We're the worst in that regard.
 Rob: And now they're privatizing prisons. It's a terrible idea to incentivize incarcerating people. They make more money the more people they put in prison. A society shouldn't have an incentive to lock people up.
 Kevin: There shouldn't be a profit in that. That's crazy.
 Rob: It's just a mindset that has nothing to do with rehabilitation, and everything to do with greed and the warehousing of humanity. It's nuts.
 Kat: And the Texans were the innovators of it.
 SJ: Plus they would have no incentive to give good care
 Kat: Or to let them out
 Rob: Even in the public system, here in California, most of our prisons don't



'Well I've got some morphine ...'
 SJ: Morphine !?
 Kevin: Yes, and he was just going to give it to him.
 SJ: Morphine for free ?!
 Kevin: Yes, he said 'Normally I sell it, but you're in the Urinals'
 Rob: Yeah, and I'm like [anguished] Go away! Like where were you 15 years ago? Grrr! Free morphine!
 SJ: Yeah. Back in the day, you had to lose a leg or something to get that stuff.
 Rob: I would have!
 John: Or have a heart attack ... They gave it to me [for the heart attack a few years back] ... I hated it
 Rob: That's so horrible. That's so sick. Really. That depresses me to hear.
 John: I thought it was hideous. Very unhappy with it. I couldn't sleep.
 SJ: That's why I think all drugs should be legal. I don't think you'd have more heroin addicts.
 Rob: Right. I don't think you'd have more. I agree.
 SJ: Because you have all the people who don't find it a pleasant experi-

have 12-step programs -
 SJ: Which cost nothing!
 Rob: - and over 70% of those in prison are there for drug or alcohol-related offenses. And they don't have this (free) rehabilitation, or access to it. It's insane.
 Kevin: Although there was some guy in San Diego, he was in his late 60s, early 70s, he'd been in prison most of his life, and he was now out, and couldn't get any kind of public assistance, get on Medi-Care or anything, so he robbed a bank to go back to jail. It was like "Well, I know what I'm getting in there. It's not great, but I can't get anything at all out here."
 SJ: Wow ... how long had he been in prison?
 Kevin: I think on and off most of his adult life
 John: Was this the same bank robber that you stopped the other day?
 Kevin: (laughs) no ...
 SJ: Wait - you stopped a bank robber?
 Rob: He thinks he witnessed a getaway
 Kevin: Yes. I saw some one driving, they drove on the sidewalk ... he came right through the intersection, side-swiped another car, hubcaps were rolling everywhere, I heard it drive off ... I thought maybe it was the end

of a car chase ..

SJ: There were no cops in pursuit?

Kevin: No! That was the thing, I was thinking if it's a car chase shouldn't there be more than one car?

SJ: Otherwise why not just drive normal

Kevin: Or stop and park.

Kat: John and I were in a bank when it got robbed. John opened the door for the bank robber

John: We were in Santa Monica, entering the bank. I held the door for Kathy, and I held the door for this guy as well, and I was pissed off because he didn't thank me.

Kevin: I mean, are we a society or what?

Kat: And then he pushed past the line

John: Yeah! Line-cutter too! I had my eye on him, because I was still pissed off at him, and he goes straight to the front, with a bag, puts the bag on the counter, and the teller is putting money in the bag. And then he ran out the door. And he didn't thank me that time either!

Kat: And the dye pack on the money exploded, pink smoke came out, he dropped the bag, he's covered with pink dye, but he picked up the

John: Actually we did have costumes! The singer wore a trash bag, I had an X on my crotch, out of electrical tape ...

Kevin: It was only one show ... and we did promo photos

John: And we did some songs that were later Urinals. "She's a Drone", "In the City" ...

SJ: Did you know you were the first band, 20 years ahead of the current trend, of having an all-female tribute band devoted to you?

Rob: You mean, like AC/D-she? ... There's a female KISS now ...

SJ: It was called the Urinettes

John: I heard about it, I wasn't there

SJ: I was in it. We did all the Urinals tunes but female. "Male Masturbation" became "Female Masturbation" and so on. It was me, my former bandmate Sue, and on drums was Kevin here, dressed in drag

Rob: Did he make all the same mistakes dressed as a woman?

Kevin: Of course I did! I was playing in heels!

Micro-Scenes

SJ: And as for other Urinals tributes ... this might sound mean but ... Mika



bag again and ran and got away

History

SJ: I have to get it straight on the Urinals history and personnel changes. And that band in the 80s with so very, very many drummers ...

Kevin: Radwaste

John: The Urinals history: in the beginning there was Kevin, drummer, who was and still is a drummer. And I'm the bass player and the singer. In regard to the guitarists, the very first one we had was Steve Willard -

SJ: Really? There was a guitarist before Kjehl?

John: Kjehl was playing keyboards. And we were a 5-piece with another singer ...

SJ: All this time I never knew that! Did everyone know this except me?

John: Don't know. It wasn't very interesting

SJ: Well, it will be interesting, for our readers, once I add in costumes and ...

Miko. They sounded very heavily Urinals-influenced.

Kat: A lot of Smell bands are

SJ: And what do you think of that?

John: We've been playing at the Smell periodically with some of those bands and it's pretty amazing because a lot of this current generation of punk bands coming up, they're familiar with our stuff, they know the lyrics -

SJ: That's crazy

John: I know. It's very gratifying. It's really cool. They're very enthusiastic and energetic and approachable and fun to talk to ... it's really cool. No Age has covered us, for instance.

Kevin: "Male Masturbation"

Rob: A really good version

SJ: So how did it happen that this trend started? I mean, were you just sitting there discussing your sex positions and weird theories and whatever you talk about, and one day you open the LA Weekly and it says No Age is covering your tunes? Or were people contacting you or what?

John: It's the Web. Word gets out there. And people are looking for ... an authentic punk experience



photos by Joe Henderson

Kevin: I talked to the drummer from No Age and he said they're really into the music, they study it, they're scholars. He said they were somewhere in Chicago, at some label, and a guy played it for them and they loved it, so they searched it out. It does hold up as something really weird ...

Rob: I have no ego attachment to it, I wasn't on the early recordings because I wasn't in the band, but just as a fan of it, I love the stuff, it seems sort of out of time, a cinderblock garage-y sound that's really fun. When we played SXSW and the 20-year-olds were into it, I did the math in my head and they weren't born at the time this came out. It's really cool. People who are younger than the songs are liking it.

SJ: Maybe you hit on why that is, though, John. Searching for the authentic punk rock experience. These are kids that grew up in the age of Green Day. When a punk rock band could play arenas. For our generation that was incongruous to say the least. It was almost if a punk band were asked they should refuse.

Kat: It's not punk rock then.

John: I think also there's been a resurgence in interest in specifically Los Angeles punk rock of the late 70s, early 80s. We're part of that too.

Rob: We've seen that in publishing. Prior to 10 years ago there were almost no books about the LA punk scene, only New York. The last 10 years there have been a lot about LA

SJ: I might be self-centered but I kind of think LA had the best punk scene – ok maybe not "best" - At least, there are so many bands, there is a lot of stimulation

Rob: After the late 70s LA was much more interesting than New York

John: LA is so vast, it had a lot of micro-scenes, as opposed to New York which is relatively compact

Rob: New York has the Bowery

John: Right, and that's it, or at least as far as we know. Historically there was probably a lot more going on than we knew. But in LA you had these micro-scenes ... in these liner notes [shows us the "Keats Rides a Harley" compilation CD] it tells about a scene around the Westside, Pacific Palisades, UCLA, that didn't really get a lot of attention at that point. The Hollywood bands were getting a lot of attention when we first started to play. And of course soon after that the hardcore bands from the beach cities ...

SJ: The OC thing

John: That sort of usurped everything

Rob: Who was Hollywood then?

Kevin: Like the Weirdos, the Screamers

SJ: X, Alleycats ...

Rob: Then the Huntington beach scene was like TSOL, Social Distortion

SJ: And there was the South Bay and SST scene

Kat: Right - the Church, Hermosa Beach, the Last ... [in these scenes] one band would get kind of successful and then invite everyone else to open and it would spread out from there

SJ: So what do you think about the LA scene now?

John: Scenes, plural. There's stuff happening now that's kind of positive and good. A lot of nascent bands that are playing the Smell, for instance, and then coming up and getting more successful, like No Age and Mika Miko. That's the scene we're most familiar with because we've been playing there. I saw a reference to the Smell as a "punk rock incubator". That made a lot of sense to me.

SJ: So you don't think the Smell is too grown up now. I mean, it was totally awesome when it first came up and was so natural and organic ...

John: I think it still is

Kevin: It still feels like a clubhouse. A real community. We played Olympia, in a similar kind of place, and the woman who put on the show had never put on a show before but she was in a band from Washington. Her band tried to get booked at the Smell but it didn't work out. Even still, they went there anyway and spent the night. Even if they weren't going to play, they were excited about just being there. Kids think it's a Mecca to travel to ... and it's not like the Whisky or something where people are making money off it. They still have kids selling the brownies for a buck. It seems like it's stayed true to itself.

SJ: I'm mostly in the scene around the Redwood, that's cool, it's like Raji's used to be ... but there's a lot of LA clubs that put tons of bands on a bill and still can't draw ...

John: The venue has a lot to do with that. The Smell has got its own scene because it's a venue that's got a philosophy, essentially. And a lot of clubs just don't.

SJ: Right, exactly!

John: Or else you need to bring your own culture to it by assembling the best bill possible, that makes the most amount of sense

SJ: Yeah, that's what bookers have to learn. The Redwood does that pretty well mostly ... and there's La Cita, and the 5 Star, more stuff downtown ...

John: Yes, downtown is very happening right now

SJ: Hollywood, though, Hollywood is impossible. I can hardly even go there anymore.

Kat: It's gotten trendy and glamorous

Kevin: It's all pay-to-play now

SJ: The Strip is pay-to-play, yes

Rob: Safari Sam's was the only one, they tried to bring it back, but went belly-up

SJ: What I'm hoping for is something around here, this neighborhood. The Silver Factory, right over there on Jefferson ...

Kat: There used to be a lot of one-off shows in spaces up and down Crenshaw ... Polish Hall ... Blackie's on La Brea ...

Kevin vs Reality

The discussion has led to someone named Vorhees ...

Rob: Vorhees knows everything about everything. Kind of the anti-Kevin.

SJ: What?! Did you just say "anti-Kevin"?

Rob: Yes

SJ: So you are saying Kevin knows nothing about anything?!

Kat: He knows a lot, it's just not right

John: Just don't ask him about a historical event

Kevin: They don't concern me. I have a general disregard for that.

Rob: But he knows a lot about a lot

SJ: [to Kevin] So, you like the present better? Or ...?

Kat: He likes fiction better

Kevin: I can only be sure ... I have a rule that anything I say, it either happened to me, or someone told me, or I dreamed it. But I'm not always clear which one. That's just a given. So when I say something to someone, I don't have to say "Oh by the way, that may not have actually happened, I might have dreamt it." People who know me know that already.

John: It's sort of an approximation of reality

Rob: He's sort of Buddhist about his knowledge. It's not as defined by specifics as Western people expect

John: He's not restricted by that

Rob: A running joke in the band is ... I'll ask Kevin "Before I joined, did you play at such-and-such club?" The Palladium, the Fillmore, whatever. And he'd say "Oh yeah. We did, it was great". Like the 12 Galaxies in San Francisco, he said the band had played there. So I email John and tell him I'm talking to the booker of 12 Galaxies, can I mention the earlier show? And John says "We never played there!"

Kevin: That's equally likely

SJ: [to the rest of the band] You aren't annoyed by this? It must be frustrating sometimes, like when you're trying to book shows.

Rob: We're amused by it

Kevin: That's why I'm not in charge of certain things. I can't do the merch table for instance.

SJ: Ha! I can imagine. "People did or did not buy stuff. We do or do not have money."

Rob: If Kev sells 3 T-shirts, somehow we're down 7 dollars

SJ: I had someone working for me like that once

Kevin: John created this really complicated system. If they buy a CD it's \$12, but if they buy a CD and a T-shirt it's \$21, but if they get a button and not a T-shirt ...

Rob: Then we owe them \$30

Kevin: Something like that! So these kids come up and want a CD ...

Rob: And you pull out a slide-rule ... an abacus ...

Kevin: They'll say they want a CD but only have \$9 ... so ok then if you get a T-shirt too, then I think it works out. And then I'd end up having to pull out my wallet ... here's \$20 ... I don't know, John has a checklist, we sold x y and z ...

Kat: John balances it to the penny

Rob: We're pretty good at having people handle only the jobs they are

good at in this band. John does the organizational things. And Kevin and I show up.

Kat: And you're good at that. Pretty much on time too.

John: We're known as the most punctual band in rock. We're always there when they tell us to be there.

Bringing New Angles to an Angular Band

SJ: I've been a fan since the earliest days, the early 80s at least ... I always thought of [former guitarist] Kjehl as an integral part; the Urinals was an entity with a distinctive sound and Kjehl was very much a part of that. Now it's a totally different sound. I'm just wondering what the band was thinking when looking to replace Kjehl. Was it planned that you'd get someone with a more distorted, sustained sound and rock style? Or did you just find Rob and accept the sound he has?

John: I think the band doesn't need to be a slavish imitator of it's past. It needs to move forward and change, and we need to incorporate different stylistic inputs

Kevin: And the only way that's going to happen is if somebody else does them

John: Yeah, because Kevin and I, we do what we do, we're sort of the unchanging element of the band, the rhythm section sounds like the rhythm section. But each guitarist brings a slightly different color to the material. Kjehl had his own very specific sound, Rod had his own specific sound, and of course Rob brings his own interests and interpretation to the mix. I think that's how you keep the songs alive, is to allow them to be re-interpreted.



SJ: And you, Rob: how do you feel about filling Kjehl's shoes? His rhythmic, clean, staccato shoes? For old fans like me, Kjehl was very much a part of the sound. Maybe sometimes some of the new fans too, who studied the old material, surely some of them are purists? Sometimes fans can be very intense ...

Rob: Well sometimes ... like in Wisconsin, there was a very drunk woman who asked us to sign "What is Real and What is Not" and there was the picture of Rod ... if she hadn't been so drunk I wouldn't have done it. But she was so hammered, it didn't make much sense to try and explain I'm the new guy, that's not me ... so I just signed it, Rod Barker, and made a smiley face, and let her go on her way

SJ: So is that forgery? You just admitted to a crime!

Rob: Well there was no money, I didn't buy a house with his signature ...

SJ: But if that signature is worth money ...

Kevin: No. It is not

Rob: I actually do feel a responsibility. I really love a lot of the early stuff. And I don't play much like Kjehl or Rod. And I come from a different background, mostly two-guitar bands, bands that played blues-based, country punk stuff. I've been in art bands that were more like Television. I haven't been in a lot of three-pieces where I'm the only guitar player and have to fill that space. I love the guitar sound on the early Urinals stuff, that surfy garage sound. I love the guitar sound on those first few singles. But I tried playing with that sound live and it just doesn't fill much space. And on the newer material it doesn't sound right. So it's finding a marriage, between the responsibility of not fucking up the old stuff, doing right by it, and doing right by Kevin, John and the other guitar players. Some of the old ones didn't sound good enough to me for us to do them live. There were some John and Kev wanted to do that I wasn't comfortable doing. It's not a better or worse thing.

There's always some pressure when you're the new person in a band that's been around for a long time. The next record is the first one with me on it. If people say it sucks, I'm going to be thinking "well I'm the variable, I'm the one who brought the suck to the band".

Kat: There's the element of time too though. There's other variables.

Rob: Not in my self-centered, self-loathing take on things

Kevin: There was a strain of reviews for the "What is Real" record which were like "Oh well they used to be great but now it's just lame"

Rob: That's the downside, the flipside to the nostalgia that John was talking about earlier, for the "authentic" first wave of punk. Is then there's, you know, the definition of the "hipster", like someone who says "I like their early stuff better" and someone replies "Well this is their first single" and they go "Well I have something before their first single! ... I taped them at their first rehearsal! And it's even better!" ... "No me! I taped them before their first rehearsal, and it's even better than that!"

People want to own the authenticity of being the first to be hip to that thing, and whatever's new can't match it. Nostalgia is a lie by it's nature. It's remembering a past that didn't exist.

John: And our responsibility, as musicians [puts in quotes] is to continue to develop and move forward while honoring the past as well. We're not a nostalgia act. We do play a lot of the older songs in our set, but we also play songs that we wrote just last week.

Kevin: And we love the old songs too. I'd feel bad to not play them just because they're old.

John: They're still fun to play, too

SJ: And people like 'em

The Problem

John: This is the problem. When we try to play an old song, teach it to Rob, he asks what key is it in? What is the root chord? And I don't know!

Rob: John's like: "Oh it's ... uh ... fattest string, second dot." And I'm like: "You played for 32 fucking years and you don't know what note that is?! An open string note?!"

John: What's an open string?

Rob: An E, for example!

John: I know what E is. The fat one on the top.

SJ: But with bass, they're all fat

Rob: And that's actually the bottom not the top

John: You see, this is the problem

Rob: And so, with some of the older tunes – or some of the new ones – when any of us bring a new idea in to work up together, I'll show up and say "Oh it just goes D F C A, and then a minor in the bridge ..." And John will be like "What dot?"

Or when he brings an idea to me – actually one of the cool things about the Urinals stuff is that John is a really unconventional bass player and Kevin is a really unconventional drummer. It's been really cool to learn how to play with them. But one of the hard things is when we do old material, and John doesn't know the names of notes, and he frequently doesn't play the root note, as a bass player.

Kat: He has no idea what that even means

Rob: Most bass players, if the guitar is playing a G chord, the bass will play a G. John might play something entirely different, a third or a fifth or a seventh of it, and it's a cool bass part, but it doesn't give me any sort of bearing on what the song might be doing guitar-wise. So I have to listen to it, and he gives me tips. It's sort of like people who speak two different languages, forming a third language. A musical Spanglish.

Horizontal Musicality

SJ: I've been a Urinals fan since the early 80s. My personal favorite was "Horizontal" -

Rob: That has one of the coolest solos ever ... what did you play on that John?

John: It's a Muzon. From Mattel. A toy synthesizer. I still have it. It's really cool.

SJ: That song "Horizontal" is so ingenious. A one-note song (actually two but basically the one) -

John: It's about the rhythm

SJ: Yes, and it's a Horizontal song, which is very clever. The song is so good that I can merely describe it to people who've never heard it and they say "Wow. That is really good." That's pretty ingenious to have a song people can like without even hearing.

Kat: A meta-song

SJ: In the beginning you were very simple. Because ... well ... because you didn't know how to play ...

Kevin: Yes

SJ: And you Kevin even had a toy drumset ...

Kevin: Yes. For the first two years

SJ: But now the Urinals are all grown up. With real instruments, and real amplifiers, and you know how to play now, so where do you go? And still stay true to the roots.

John: When we first started, and realized we didn't know how to play, the idea was to turn that into an advantage. How do you do that? By thinking about what you're doing and not trying to play beyond your capability, but being clever about the limited resources at hand. The songs were constructed with that in mind. "Horizontal" is a perfect example of that. But I think you'll find that is a recurring theme throughout the songwriting in the last three years. The last song on this record, the title song, is sort of like "Horizontal" but 25 years later, a riff on that basic concept. I always like returning to that. I always look at the way a song is constructed, as opposed to "composed". To me it's a geometrical puzzle that has to be worked out in my head. It's a visual thing. I see what the songs look like, what they feel like. Geometrical shapes associated with the songs. I approach it with a different perspective. Perhaps that's one of the reasons I'm sort of incapable of learning chords and notes and stuff like that.

Rob: You know the notes, you play them. You just don't know the names of them.

SJ: There is definitely something there, an aspect that is different from other musicians ...

Rob: An angularity

SJ: ... and it's in the whole band ... [to Kevin] It's in your drumming too ...

Rob: It was hard to learn to adjust to that

SJ: And Kjehl kind of had it too. But now Rob you're a different new thing. That's what I was trying to get figured out here.

John: And now do you have a satisfactory response?

SJ: I have no idea how to make it make sense for our readers, but I do think we're getting closer to the mystery that is the Urinals

John: You don't want to solve all the mysteries

Rob: It was fun to learn how to play with these guys. They're unlike any rhythm section I've played with. There's very little "roll" to the rock n' roll of the Urinals. It's a very angular band. At times melodic, at times very catchy, but it doesn't "swing". There's no backbeat. It was really hard to learn how to play with that. I'm not a punk player, I don't come from the all-downstrokes-16th-note-32nd-note school, I'm not a folk strummer either. It was really interesting to learn where the spaces fit. I had to rethink how a guitar fits in with bass and drums.

Kevin: I've had the experience where people said they tried to cover our songs, good musicians, yet they have said they don't understand, they don't know why John and I do things the way we do. Yet I can't do it any other way, this is what I do, I don't have a pre-conceived notion of what it should be. John and I like to do melody parts. With Kjehl that worked out, because he was a rhythm machine.

Rob: Kevin and John were always very creative about working within their limitations.

A lot of people go out of their way to force limitation on their work. Like the film group in New York, Dogma, things like that. Or that guy, I forget the name, who did a novel without the letter "e", which is the most common letter. Think about it. If you can't have E, right away there are all these things you can't do. You don't have pronouns, you don't have "the", you can't have it be past tense.

So, you put in one format limitation and you're forced to think in a different way. I never would have thought of "Ack Ack Ack Ack". I would have thought a song needs at least three chords! But I love that song. Two notes. That's brilliant.

John: Originally I wanted just one note for that song. But Kjehl insisted on having two. And then Kathy wrote the lyrics. So that song had three co-writers. I wrote one note, Kjehl wrote the other, and Kathy wrote the words.

The Biz

SJ: One more subject I'd like to discuss. The state of the music business today. First: It's much more DIY now. You've always been very DIY, maybe this is fine for you.

John: There's less money out there than there used to be. We've stayed true to the DIY aesthetic in that we own our masters, we own the songwriting, copyrighting and all that. But collecting money that's owed is tricky. It always helps to have a larger entity that will go out and collect royalties for you. We just don't have the person-power for that, necessarily. But at least it's our material. We own it, we can license it as we see fit. But moneywise, there's not that much out there. Especially in this age of piracy and free downloading and such.

Kevin: What's that label in Seattle ... they're going to give downloads free but sell T-shirts.

SJ: Believe it or not I lived off my music for 10 years. I kept expenses low, toured all the time, kept my publishing, and sold T-shirts. But now

John: Now that's all that's left

SJ: Exactly. I don't see a way to survive now. What's worse, no one else does either. All our most creative people – musicians, songwriters, novelists, journalists, actors, directors – all those careers have been decimated, and none of us can figure out a way to save our livelihood and the love of our lives.

So I'm asking every musician, and I'm asking you: any ideas?

Rob: Music is in the worst shape of all those careers you mentioned.

I'm in publishing, and it's in really bad shape too. But publishing never had a golden era the way music did. It's always been difficult, never been a blockbuster business.

But the music industry has totally collapsed. It's taken the biggest hit of all the art forms.

John: I think you have to ignore the realities, the situation out there, and decide that if you're going to be a musician, you're not going to be successful financially, and you just have to do it because it's what you want to do.

Kevin and I discovered that with Radwaste. That band had a shot at possibly being a major-label act. We took a meeting at Capitol Records, things were happening, but it all collapsed. I realized at that point, I'm not doing this with an eye toward being monetarily successful. I'm doing it because I enjoy it, because I feel like I need to express myself in those terms. There was no looking back after that. Once you decide you're not going to make money, you're home free.

J\



Duley's Dollop



photos by "Solis Racing"

Duley's Dollop of July 3 at Mr. T's Bowl.....

I am going to try to remember...The Mildred's are four women who dress up in working class women's garb and play slow rock music.....they were fun to look at....but the real show was outside when in my drunken stupor I mistook one of the fans for one of The Mildred's...!!! Talk about putting your foot in your mouth.....!!!! Sorry Tracie.....you were a good sport about it.....!!!!

Mental Memory Recognition (or a reasonable facsimile thereof):

Duley



Duley's Dollop of July 6 at The Bordello.....

I am going to try to remember...The Richard Ramirez Beatdown....! Punk-o-rama-rama,,unfortunately there were technical difficulties with the lead guitar....Happy birthday Manny.....!! There was anger here.....let it pass.....!!

My old pals from Kamikaze“Slay” one of their new songs on the new ep coming out...Rock hard crunch.....!! One of the old favorites...“Your Tax Dollars at Work”..it came back to me as “Haunting Rock”....good to see this trio again.....

Hard psychedelic groove rock from Narwal Park.....it was as if Gary Numan joined a rock punk band.....not punk rock...rock punk.....groovy.....

With DJ Cholo Carwash spinning the old favorites like “Nasty Habits” from Oingo Boingo....good clean fun.....!!

Remember....this is one's opinions and observations only.....live.....you know, from memory Thanks to Summer for being very cordial.....Desiree..keep your chin up....

Mental Memory Recognition (or a reasonable facsimile thereof):

Duley



Duley's Dollop



Duley's Dollop of July 16 at The Crest.....

I am going to try to remember...Dynamite Rock from Brainspoon.....!! Don't ask me what that is but that's what I called it....Two hot chicks fronting the band and rocking it up....musically that is.....I want to see Brainspoon again.....!!

Finally got to see Sylvia Juncosa wail again.....this woman can really play guitar!!! Made for an awesome set....plus it was Steve Reed's birthday this night.....!!!

Love those Million Kids.....!!! I believe Josh is here to stay.....Rock on you crazy kids.....!!! Too bad I fucked up this night's version of "Wild in The Streets".....Maybe Hugh and I will start a singing duo.....Ha! Ha! Ha! The Kids' set ended with the other band members getting on stage and doing a Buzzcocks cover.....!!!

Saccharine Trust closed the night with a monster set.....Jack was doing some kind of Yoga or acrobatics with one of the mic stands.....I think he broke it too.....!!! Another one for the books.....!!!

Remember....this is one's opinions and observations only.....live.....you know, from memory

Mental Memory Recognition (or a reasonable facsimile thereof):

Duley



Duley's Dollop of July 17 at The Crest.....

I am going to try to remember...Super fast speed rock...!!!Do I dare say Metal...!!! No...Hudley will have my head...!!! You know what...I am going to say it anyway...!!! MMMMMUUUUHHHHHAAAAHHHHAAAAA...!!! I'm a Punk who likes Metal...!! Internal Corrosion...!!! These dudes are so in sync with each other they never miss a beat...!! You better like your rock hard and fast when you go see these guys...!! This is what is here and now...!!!!

Remember....this is one's opinions and observations only.....live.....you know, from memory

Mental Memory Recognition (or a reasonable facsimile thereof):

Duley



Duley's Dollop



Duley's Dollop of July 23 at The Redwood.....

I am going to try to remember...Punky, surfy, funny, goofy, nutty rock from one of my favorite bands for a long time...The Thingz.....!!! I believe they sing about seafood, food, and it's interaction with rock and roll.....!!! Too bad they didn't play my favorite..."Mastication Blues..." Listen to the lyrics and you'll crack up because you'll know.....!!! Thanks Kim and Mike....and extra special thanks to Jason for being super cool.....!!!

The first time I ever saw The Swords of Fatima was a few moons ago on a Bob Cantu show....I remember the drummer Nick even farther than that from the Popdefect days at Al's Bar.....This duo really comes at ya....Buko plays some interesting riffs on her guitar....gotta hear it live to appreciate it....Nick is drummer extrodinaire.....uh... and he's a rock star too.....!!! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Remember....this is one's opinions and observations only.....live.....you know, from memory

Mental Memory Recognition (or a reasonable facsimile thereof):

Duley





MR FUCK

“Can U SEE THE
REAL ME”
QUADROPHENIA
INTERVIEWS



4 Quadrants, 4 Questions each.

Raising Punk Rock Radio Back *from* the Dead!

1st quadrant: The Radio DJ:

1. Prior to, Raising Punk Rock Radio Back from the Dead!, where and when were you and DJ?

A: You work for Flipside with a name like "Mr Fuck?" Whatever floats your wiener!

LOL Ok! Well here it goes!.....

In 1983, I got a job as a teenager at a shit-hole Country Music Station in Silsbee Texas. The equipment was very primitive there even by that days standard. By 85 I ended up in Ocean-side, CA. Hopped around Disc Jockeying pirate stations *Cocking eye like a pirate* Hamrrrrgh! and hanging around public access radio shows and such.

2. What process do you use now to access the computer airways?

A: I get up...I sit down..Have either a cup of Wheatville Fresh Ground Coffee or Coke Zero...Put my grubby hands on my keyboard .I turn on my HP Pavillion p630y PC w/AMD Phenom II X4 820 Quad Core Processor and *BAM!* I terrorize the Internet!

3. What has the response been to starting Stig Stench's Punk Rock Radio?

A: Well to be truthful, I didn't expect this type of response. I did it because I couldn't find the type of Punk Rock Radio show on the net I wanted. I mean I found "looped" and shows that are repeated and taped months ago, but not a "live" Internet Punk Rock Radio Show. I figured if I got 2 or 3 listeners, cool! But I have had such a plethora, NO! a cornucopia listeners and incredible supporters! Kevin Seconds (7 Seconds) and Sly-J (Sylvia Juncosa) help put my little show on the map. Since then Greg Ginn (SST/Black Flag), Ed Colver and Ron Goudie (Modern Warfare/Enigma Records) have given me their hand of support. Greg Ginn/SST are now sponsoring StenchRadio.com. Sly-J (Sylvia J) is my webmaster! CRAZY! I have the best audience in the world! Listeners from L.A to Texas all over the US, Belgium, Canada, UK, France, Pakistan, Russia and Missouri.

4. What is the best thing about being a fucking punk rock radio man?

A: A "fucking" Punk Rock Radio man?
That question, you'll have to ask Mrs Stench! *Wink*



Stig Stench





2nd Quadrant: The punk in a band.

1. So you have been in a couple Black Death Metal Bands?

A: Yes.....*Long uncomfortable pause*

2. What the hell kind of stuff did you do with Negativity Records?

A: I was the vocalist on Evil God's CD. The very first time I laid eyes on it was when I saw it in the used bin at Cheapo's Records here in Austin a couple of weeks ago. But seriously, TIM is doing well and he and I are still dear friends.

3. Did you go on tour with a band call the Powerless Flowers in the 1980's?

A: I did a handful of shows with them there in Covina, CA as their bassist back in 1988. I deservedly was kicked out and came to Austin. I still talk to Abner on occasions. He is a wonderful guy and has a band with his daughter Samantha called Temper Tantrum. I need to call him and catch up.

4. What kind of music do you like best and what is your instrument of choice.

A: Untarnished early 80's Punk Rock! Obviously, but I have been known to enjoy Early Industrial, Motown and Black Gospel.

Instrument: My voice and my PC....I am reforming my band The STENCHES this month.

3rd Quadrant: The Record Collector

1. How old where you when the record bug bit your butt?

A: In 1975. It was KISS, Black Sabbath, Thin Lizzy and Alice Cooper. I saw The Sex Pistols in Circus magazine and TV! I had The Sex Pistols, Ramones and Dead Boys on 8-Track Tape! *LOL* Remember those? My first punk rock record ever was "Nervous Breakdown" by Black Flag.

2. How many records do you have?

A: I don't know, I would have many more if my ex-wife hadn't have stolen some of them.

3. What are you favorite four records?

A: (1) The Damned-Machine Gun Etiquette (2) Black Flag-Damaged (3) The Germs-G.I (4) Dead Kennedy's-Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables

4. Compare records and CD's?

A: CD's are more accessible and convenient , but I prefer the audio of vinyl better because it captures the "Live" experience more and it has more soul! They are more meaningful.

**Stig Stench-Zombie-Maker
and Head Embalmer Orion
Polone-Assistant Funeral
Director Garrett Torance-
Embalming Technician
Sylvia (SLY-J) Juncosa-
Designer of the Undead,
Jimmy Bones-Gravedigger**



4th Quadrant: Who the HeLL are you?

1. Are you a punk rocker?

A: I am the Chief of my own tribe. I captain my own ship and I fall under no label. I happen to identify and relate to the passion and spirit that is called "Punk Rock." Punk Rock in my opinion is not a genre or fad. It is a revolution and a not to be trite but a state of mind that refuses to be quiet, but to be a voice of many generations. It is not a shop, a shoe, a tour or even a radio show. It is it's own true energy and soul. Some people get it! Some sadly don't. This is the music that stirs my soul and allows me to never die. (Undead)



2. Are you really an evil zombie man?

A: I am part Fuki, part Romero and Louisiana Swamp Rat. And I look like a Elvis From Hell!

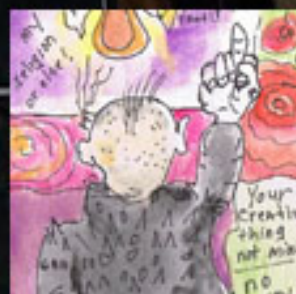
3. What politically motivates you?

A: Amendment 10 of the US Constitution States "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, AND to the PEOPLE!". The US Constitution originally was to grant Americans the ability to be their own governing voice and the Government was to have very little "hand on" in our lives. Where in the Constitution does it grant for example the IRS to have the power they do over our taxes, property ect? They are a private sector! Can anyone tell me who gave them their power? The Government needs to be totally disassembled. Uprising is what America need! We need to be our own governing voice.

4. Do you believe in love... ?

A: Love is what made me start this show. Love is what generates our soul to have passion for whatever it is we love to do. Our Family , Friends, our scene, our music. Love for my Freedom is what keeps me from choking the shit out of anyone who annoys me. I love my wife, my daughter. I don't like a lot of people, but I love the life that flows through people. Anyone who says "I don't believe in Love" truly does not believe that. Anyone who does, is either full of shit or six feet under the ground. Ok, that is all you are getting out of me. I am starting to sound like a hippie or a owner of a cheese shop.

FIN

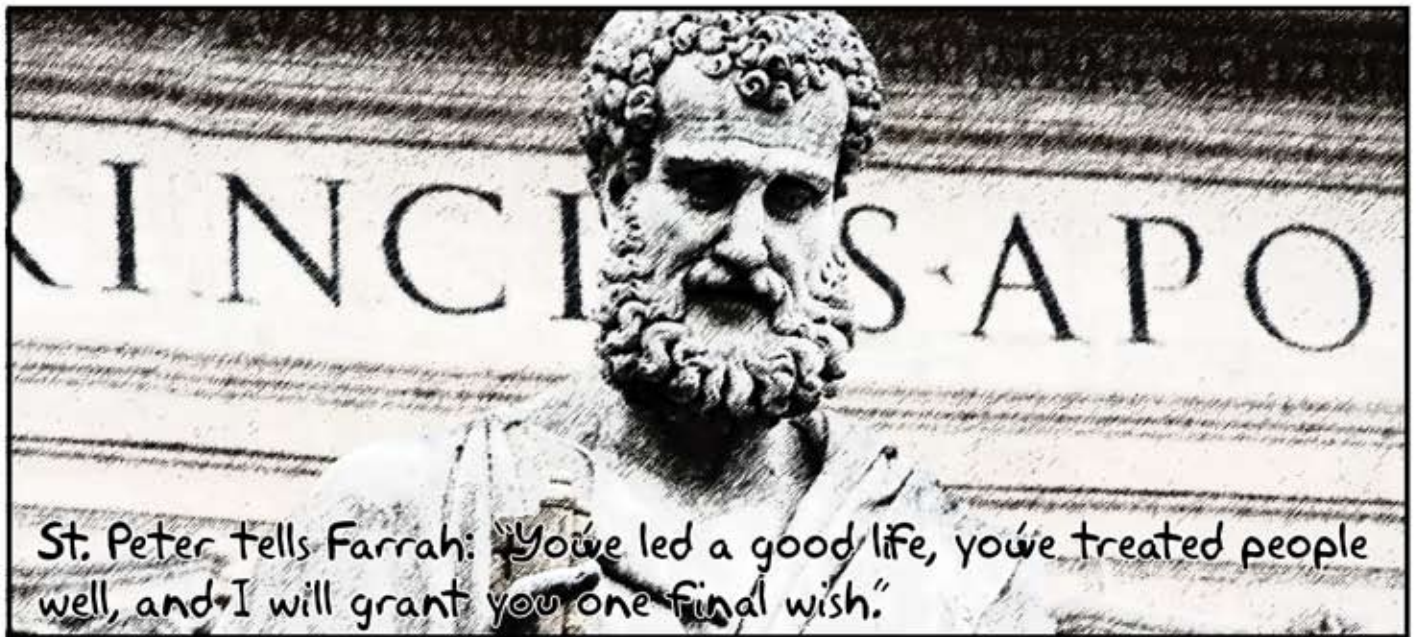
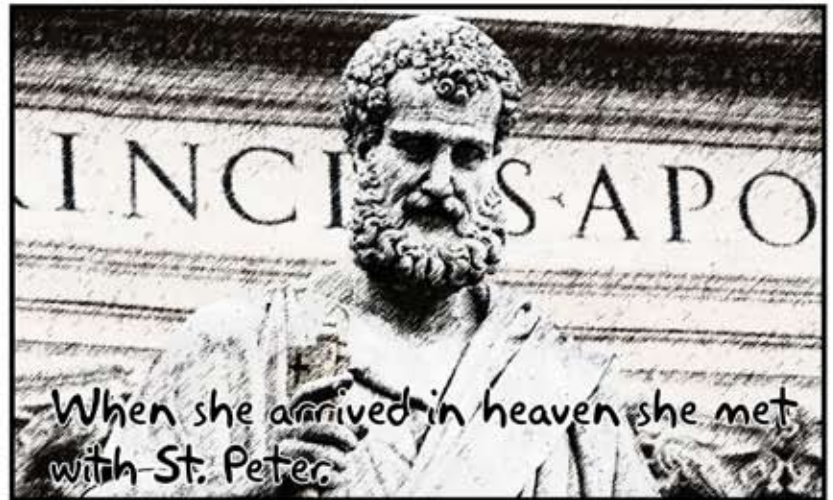


Stig's PuNk RoCk Radio Show; LIVE

<http://www.myspace.com/stigspunkrockradiosho>

June 25, 2009

By
Mike E.



MERMAID IN AN UNDERWATER CIRCUS OF TURQUOISE

Sunday Morning's voyage to the Cozy Castle

BY
HUDLEY

JULY 18 AT 12:00PM - JULY 19 AT 2:00AM
STARTS AT NOON
625 EXPOSITION BLVD. 90016

List of bands:

Percussion/Acoustic Jam 1:00, Romulus 2:00, Mikel Farber 2:30, Professor Calculous 3:00, Mad Animals 3:30, Beast Explosion 4:00, Sam Broido 4:30, Voodoo Merchant 5:00, Incognito Sofa Love 5:30, The Chuck Dukowski Sextet 6:00, The Shrine 6:30, Grapes and Nuts 7:00, Jeffertittis Nile 8:00, Sister Rogers 9:00, Insects vs. Robots 10:00, Sleepy Owl 11:00, Dahga Bloom 12:00, The Reflectacles 1:00

Just coming off a high of Circus films ...

Freaks (1932) A lady trapeze artist violates the code of the side show when she plots to murder her midget husband. Cast: Wallace Ford, Olga Baclanova, Harry Earles. Dir: Tod Browning. BW-62 mins, TV-PG, CC 9:15 PM

Circus of Horrors (1960) A deranged plastic surgeon travels with a circus troupe. Cast: Anton Diffring, Erika Remberg, Yvonne Monlaur. Dir: Sidney Hayers. C-92 mins, TV-14, Letterbox Format 11:00 PM

Berserk (1967) A lady ringmaster milks the publicity from a string of murders. Cast: Joan Crawford, Diana Dors, Ty Hardin. Dir: Jim O'Connolly. C-96 mins, TV-PG, Letterbox Format 12:48 AM

Circus Queen Murder, The (1933) A vacationing DA gets mixed up in a tangled case involving a touring circus. Cast: Adolphe Menjou, Greta Nissen, Dwight Frye. Dir: Roy William Neill. BW-65 mins, TV-PG

Saturday morning I noticed an invitation from Facebook to a Cozy Castle event from Chuck Dulowski. 12 hours of music "art and celebration Interludes featuring readings, spoken word, fire, circus freaks etc." On this events flyer stated clearly is that: "this is our family, our tribe, our sounds, our lives and our expressions coming to life!" My emotions filled with pink colors, sequences and twirling woman and muscular men walking the high wire above an audience laughing, smiling and in Ahhh moments of emotional fever. This is a public event so I got the kids in the car on Sunday and hit the road... dust flying. I drove to Highway 101, then to the 405 San Diego freeway, and next to the 10 heading towards Los Angeles. It seemed like a magic carpet ride towards a mystery of extreme proportions. My kids had their own expectations of a fair filled with food, music and fun galore. We Got off at Labra and headed towards Exposition Blvd. and Field Ave.

The industrial park / residential neighborhood was silent as we passed 4625 Exposition Blvd. and parallel to this was the Expo Park/USC Station a future at-grade light rail station in the Los Angeles County Metro Rail system. Did we get the directions correct ...there was nothing going on here? It might have been the witching hour. The second time we passed we noticed a small square building the color blue. As we looked at it... a door was open. As I quickly gazed inside I saw darkness with a hint of glowing light, a face smiling, sunglasses and the allure of mystery. It

“Here is where I imagined that the basement on this corner street lead to multilayer rooms of experience.”

As we turned to walk back to the car I saw a flash of images. The invitation to this event at the Cozy was like one to the magic theater presented in the Steppenwolf novel by Hermann Hesse. An experience of the "ethereal and phantasmal", I imaged that the building went down underground. Here is where I imagined that the basement on this corner street lead to multilayer rooms of experience.

We then left. We found ourselves driving on the 10 freeway and then west bound to the Pacific Coast Highway. For a Sunday it was crowded. The ocean breeze was cool and pleasant. We did not stay and drove through Topanga Canyon towards the San Fernando Valley. We were home. This adventure of driving took a few hours. Pleasantly content the three of us submerged in the cool pool water. Wondering still of mysteries and music as the water danced in circles like a mermaid in an underwater circus of turquoise.

FIN

AMK – THE LONESOME ECHO (Transparency, <http://www.transparency.us.com>)

While the cover of this album is a straight out rip-off of the album cover that Salvador Dali did for one of Jackie Gleason's albums of mood music back in the 1950s – and there is a picture of Dali on the back of the album – musically THE LONESOME ECHO hearkens back not to the lounge or cocktail music of the 1950s but to the pioneering musique concrete efforts of such '60s geniuses as Karlheinz Stockhausen or Herbert Eimert - who in turn would influence some of the psychedelic experiments of Zappa, Brian Wilson, and the Beatles and the early industrial sounds of Throbbing Gristle, Cabaret Voltaire, et al. Despite the considerable, unimaginable, and exponential increases in technology in the last 40-50 years – imagine what Stockhausen would've done with ProTools!- AMG seem to keep their technology strictly retro in recapturing the avant-garde of days gone by. However, unless you're a diehard fan of musique concrete and the mid century Euro avant garde, there really isn't much here of interest. Unlike revivalism in other genres, e.g. blues, rockabilly, garage, psych, glam, '70s hard rock, early punk, ska, etc. in which blatantly unoriginal acts can at least be satisfying on a sort of "bar band" level even if they lack originality, one cannot say the same of musique concrete revivalism. Not that there's any particular movement of this type – and it would certainly be cooler if the hipster kids would get into Stockhausen redux rather than schlocky '70s yacht rock redux – but I fail to see the point in "bar band" musique concrete. Unless you're a really devout fan, better to avoid THE LONESOME ECHO entirely and just go back to the original artists whom AMG are ripping off.

- Michael Snider



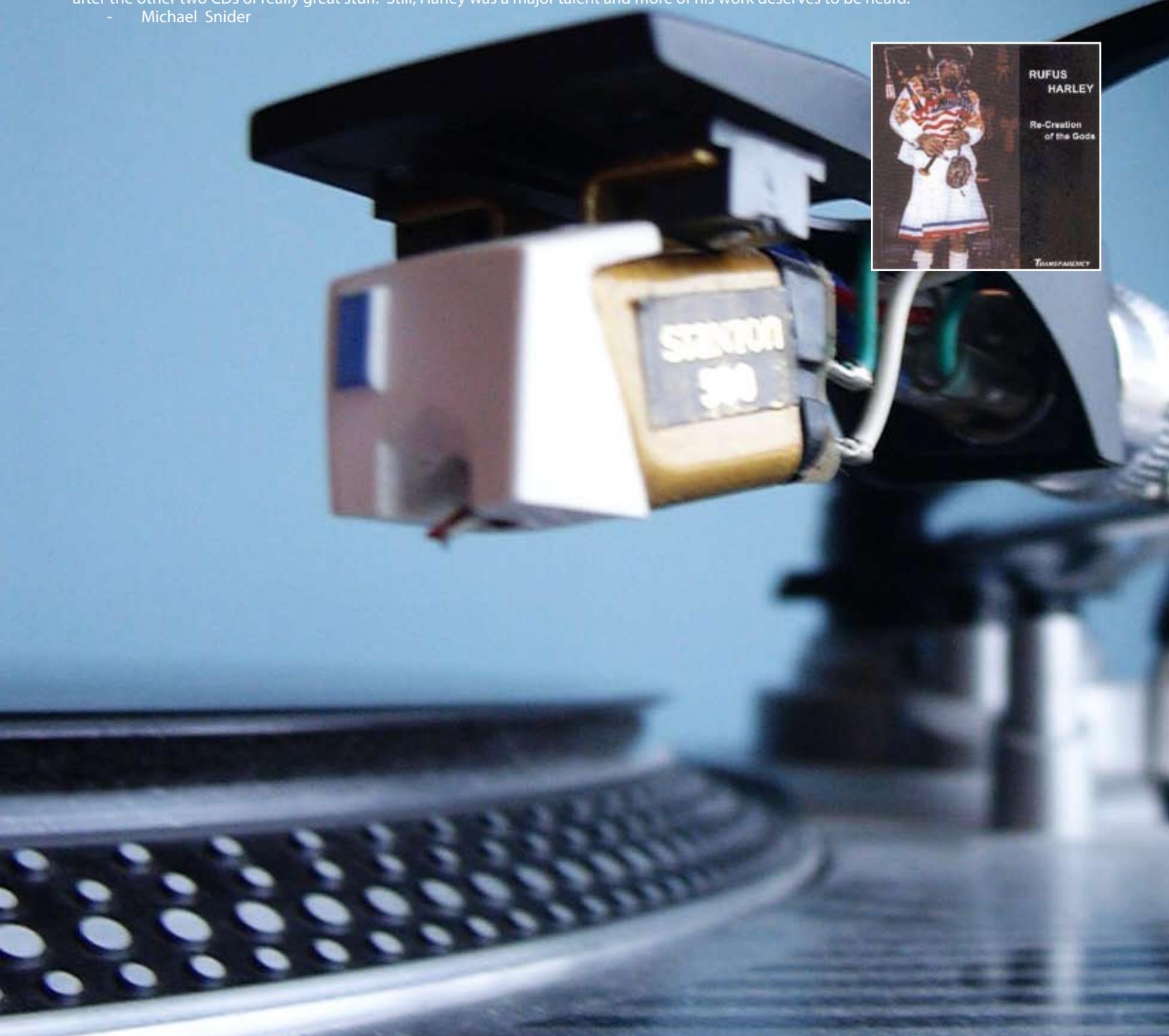
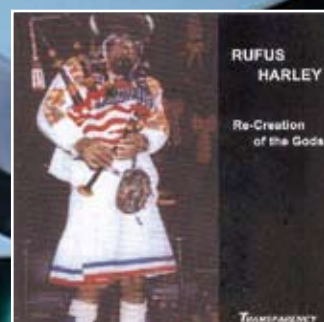
REVIEWS FOR THE RECORD
BY
Michael Snider

RUFUS HARLEY- Recreation of the Gods (Transparency)

RUFUS HARLEY , MESSIAH PATTON HARVEY, AMERICA PATTON HARLEY- Bagpipes of the World (Transparency)

Rufus Harley, "the Miles Davis of the Bagpipes", was an extremely unique and interesting jazz eccentric who recorded with Sonny Rollins, Sonny Stitt, Herbie Mann, and under his own name as a leader. Inspired to play bagpipes after watching the Black Watch regiment's pipers play at JFK's funeral, he pioneered their use in jazz. RECREATION OF THE GODS, originally issued on Ankh Records in 1972 and reissued by the Transparency label, shows Rufus at his finest and funkier mining grooves similar to what Miles was mining at the time (think ON THE CORNER or JACK JOHNSON) if Miles had played the bagpipes rather than the trumpet. BAGPIPES OF THE WORLD, a 3 CD set, contains a performance by Rufus in France, a performance he did with his sons Messiah and America in Jamaica, and a radio interview in which he reveals his rather eccentric views. The performances show off the complete range of jazz, from bluesy numbers and tender ballads to delightfully noisy and screechy free jazz type stuff. As for the interview, Harley expounds at length on his own particularly unique philosophy which is a sort of super patriotism – while some aspects of his views are rather admirable (like his views of the ideal America being a unification of the races and ethnicities like the man himself, and his advocacy of the melting pot), he does express a sort of spaced-out neo-conservatism at times – not only his praise for George Bush and Condi Rice, but also saying that the reason why Iraq and Iran are screwed up has to do with "their languages being outdated" and suggesting that all the problems in the Middle East would go away if everyone there discarded their languages and adapted American English. Give the man points for originality for a philosophy that could best be described as if Sun Ra ran PNAC, but talk like that makes me glad that Harley played jazz (and did a fine job of it) rather than being in any position where he could affect foreign policy. Obviously there are many musicians I seriously love whose views I don't agree with, and Harley's a good example of why the mixture of music and politics is risky, but the interview disc was a bit of a bummer after the other two CDs of really great stuff. Still, Harley was a major talent and more of his work deserves to be heard.

- Michael Snider



SYMBOL SIX

What do you get when you take five guys from L.A.'s original hardcore scene, and rip them out of the clubs (Godzilla's, Cuckoo's Nest, etc.), and let them simmer in a crock-pot of music for the next thirty years. Take them out (all original members) give them their instruments, and throw them right back into the L.A. clubs to finish what they started.

You get an incredible cross of original Symbol Six, a pinch of Nirvana, and maybe a table spoon of Guns 'N Roses, and all this stirred together gives you some of the purest street rock since . . . shit, I don't know when.

It's great to see these guys back, guys that have absolutely nothing to prove, a band that was around when the music was still dangerous. They were fifteen years old, and playing at places like the Cuckoo's Nest, where on any given night who knows who would end beat up by cowboys, police, or any numbers of bouncers or lunk-heads inside.

The music on this album is strong, on one track you can feel the intensity of the original hardcore music, on others you can feel the dirty vibe that was there on the original Guns 'N Roses album. Not a rip-off since these guys were around before Guns were a band.

An old high school friend of the guys from Symbol Six, Jimmy Sloan, produced the album. Some of Sloan's credits include albums produced for: Fishbone, Kenny Wayne Sheppard, Phranc, Rhino Bucket, The Slumlords, and The Hangmen. Sloan also engineered albums for the likes of: The Offspring, weezer, and Busta Rhymes.

Symbol Six was born in 1980 out of the ashes of hardcore punk bands, Der Stab; Ohio's Necros; and garage punk band, Gaudy Trash. They represented the change that the Los Angeles punk scene was going through as the old Hollywood-Masque scene was fading away and a new sound was coming from the beaches, the Inland Empire, and from Orange County. Symbol Six took their classic 2-guitar assault sound with big hooks to audiences all over Southern CA.

Symbol Six began playing with future legends: Social Distortion, Red Cross, Adolescents, T.S.O.L., Youth Brigade, CH3, Detours, 45 Grave and Agent Orange, just to name a few. The Los Angeles music scene was extreme, dangerous and like no other. Symbol Six was there, square in the middle of it all, kicking ass, and taking names. By late 1981 the band recorded their legendary debut 5-song EP "Symbol Six" on Posh Boy records. Along with worldwide record distribution, and radio play, Symbol Six was given heavy rotation on L.A.'s KROQ by the legendary Rodney Bingenheimer. Symbol Six had arrived at upper tier status, and were now fast becoming one of the best bands on the scene, and all by the age of 15.

Today, Symbol Six is back and they bring to you the highly anticipated, all new, full-strength album, "Monsters 11". Expect nothing less from Symbol Six as they kick ass, take names, and energize the world.

If you haven't already heard this, buy it, and give it a listen!

Rating: **** * four out of five stars



Dear Landlord - Dream Homes

I picked up Razorcake issue fifty-two the other day at Headline Records over on Melrose, and I was reading the two-page spread on the staff's top five picks, and half of the staff had chosen this album.

I love these lists, the same way I would read Tower Records' Pulse magazine to see everyone's Desert Island Disc's. Other people's choices always trip me out. Anyway, as I was saying, about half the Razorcake staff chose Dear Landlord, Dream Homes as one of their top five picks. This alone was enough for me to be interested enough to pick it up.

Adam Fletcher (Bass/Vocals), and Brett (Guitar/Vocals) play in the Copyrights, and Brad (Drums/Words), and Zack (Guitar/Vocals) used to play in Rivethead.

Dear Landlord have a split 7" with the Chinese Telephones out on It's Alive, and Recess Records, and another split with Off With Their Heads on No Idea. Their full length LP Dream Homes was released in June on No Idea Records.

I don't know how they view themselves, but I'm inclined to call them real good pop punk. Like old Offspring, with the catchy chorus' of Blink 182 (I mean this in a good way). Polished, but a definite rawness to them.

Dream Homes is great to listen to in the car, or while working out (whatever you do while listening to music). Good stuff.



Everybody Out! (Self-Titled LP)

I enjoy old gritty L.A. Punk, some British, and even less New York stuff, but lately I'm finding that of the current East Coast/Boston stuff being released has a helluva lot more heart to it. I can't really put into words how good this album is. Everything that Epitaph is doing . . . this isn't. No monotone singsong vocals, no boy-band appeal – just really raw street rock!

It's great, and I've already loaned the album at least once. I recommend this to anyone going on an extended road trip, and you need to stay awake.

Everybody Out was formed in 2007 by former Dropkick Murphy's guitarist Rick Barton, and Dead Pets, and former Lost City Angels front man Sweeney Todd. Despite Sweeney Todd being from the UK, the band is primarily based out of Boston, Massachusetts. The duo personally financed the release of 2 EPs before signing to Taang! Records. Their debut LP was released on April 8th, 2008. Various friends and musicians contributed to the record, but the band's most current lineup is Barton and Todd, along with Mike McMillen (lead guitar), Sean Laforce (bass), and Kevin Garvin (drums), all previously from the Boston area band On Broken Wings.

Everybody Out has been described as the bastard sons of the Mighty, Mighty Bosstones meet the Sex Pistols. What can I say about this LP? With songs like this you can't help, but smile through it.

It's a good upbeat collection. You know it's good when the band members themselves say it's the best thing they've released, when I recently chatted with guitarist, and co-founder Rick Barton, he had this to say: "It is the best thing we recorded . . ."

I dig the band, and disagree that it's the best, but it's hard to gauge. The three things they put out are all pretty great.

The standout cuts are: Everybody Out, GhettoBlaster, and Avenue.

Vocalist, and co-founder, Sweeney Todd designed the artwork for this LP, as well as the art for their other two releases. All of their releases had a cool look.

Unfortunately, Sweeney went back to Dead Pets, and Rick Barton is still carrying on with Eric Della Barbara, from The Confrontation (I've never heard of them). Sweeney is sadly missed. Not only was he the singer, he was also the co-writer of all their material.

Rumor has that there is an acoustic album out there by EBO that has yet to be released. Keep an eye out for Rick Barton's new band Continental.

Thanks again to Curtis over at TAANG for giving me the heads-up on this release!



My friend Jay had been raving about these guys for, what seemed like, years, and I would listen to a clip here and there, but never gave it the full listen it deserved. So, I was looking around on the web, and saw that it was the number three best-seller on Interpunk.com, so I picked it up. Within an hour of getting it I loaded it onto my MP3 player listened to the whole album while doing my nightly workout. I was impressed, I pedaled out seven miles on my thirty-five (or six) minute stationary bike-ride. Good stuff here.

American Rubicon is the second full-length album from Reno's own Cobra Skulls. Red Scare Industries released it. It is the band's first release with guitarist Adam Beck, who joined the band in 2008 after the departure of Charlie Parker (not the dead jazz musician, jokes).

The band entered the studio in late-March 2009 to record the album. The album was finished on June 15, 2009. That same day, the band posted one of their new songs, titled "H.D.U.I. (Honorary Discharge Under the Influence)", on their My Space page. The song details Devin Peralta's (vocals, bass) encounter with an Iraq War vet who was discharged from the military for driving under the influence in the desert.

For the life of me I can't really classify their music, there are a few moments where Devin sounds a bit like old Glenn Danzig, and if you take comfort in categorizing the sound, then the next track sounds, almost country, then you have to re-think your assessment.

Good, fun-driving music. If this doesn't decrease road-rage by 10%, you should get your money back.

If you're interested in getting the whole Cobra Skulls catalog, here's what they've released:

EP's: Draw Muhammad (Humaniterrorist, 2006)

Singles: Eat Your Babies (self-released, 2005), Never Be a Machine 7" (Red Scare Industries, 2008)

Splits: Cobra Skulls/Beercan 7" split (Humaniterrorist, 2006)
Cobra Skulls/Andrew Jackson Jihad 7" split (Suburban Home Records, 2009)

Albums: Sitting Army (Red Scare Industries, 2007)
American Rubicon (Red Scare Industries, 2009)

If you get the chance to get a copy of American Rubicon, go do it.



I Hate Records Reviews

By Hudley

Here are some cds and records that are worth checking out if you have not already. and since it is so fucking easy to goggle or find them on facebook or myspace.. you can DIY...ya you review them for yourself....

Citramones

Face Down and War never Changes
Recorded in Kaliningard Russia 2009



Hellcat Records



Two Pack
Shut It Down and Stand Straight
Limited Edition 200 copies

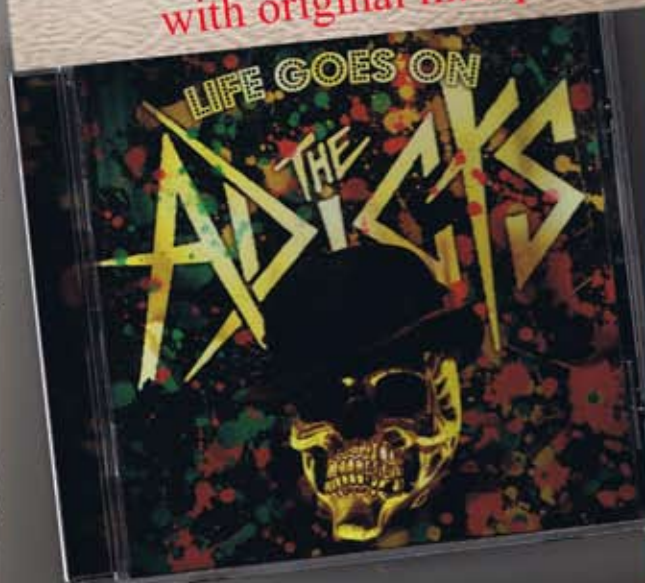
White Flag Keepers of The Purple Twilight
Japanese Release.
Facebook: www.facebook.com/whiteflagofficial

People Like You Records
punk rockabilly
"If you don't like this band go fuck your-
self"

The longest serving punk band
with original lineup



I will not be threatened or chased by bands
who do not like my record reviews. anymore





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Flipside Fanzine Memorial

Alright Flipside Facebook Fans

-- all 4,963 of you-- What was your very first punk rock show? Who played? Name of the venue? Approximate date? Inquiring minds want to know!!!

#

Kira Roessler Attended - Germs 1977 Whisky - LA

Played - w/Crime and the Dils - 1977 Whisky - LA

8 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 6 people Like

#

Carlos A. Nunez Madame Wong's West back in late 1984 - The Screamin' Sirens, Mojo Nixon and Channel 3 upstairs. Channel 3 had just "turned" glam, but were ferociously great! Downstairs, I remember catching a bit of Dallas Don's great old punk band - Plain Wrap. Great memories. I was 18 and had my first alcoholic drink, too!

8 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Shoved Head Some German band in a small beer tent. The singer spat on me as I stood one foot from him. I knew I'd never want to go and see Judas Priest in a stadium ever again.

8 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Mike Soden God....it had to be the Downliner in KC....don't remember which band was my "first" though....probably 79? 80?

8 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Kim Ochoa X at the Starwood 1980, it changed my life forever!

8 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 1 person Like

#

Gonzo Rodriguez RAMONES, Hollywood Paladium. w/ holly & the italians april 1980.

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Jon Bunch Fear, Circle Jerks, Vandals, Toxic Reasons, Sin 34 @ The Olympic March of 84

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Tim Welsh Bad Religion, Dead Kennedy's, Crucifix and I think Minor Threat played last minute too at "the Barn" in torrance 83-84

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 2 people Like

#

Chris Bowman Circle jerks...nofx at the country club...1989

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Jennifer Chappell DRI, COC, Russian MeatSquats - West Catty Playground, Catasauqua PA. November 1985

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Richard Schmidt Suicidal, Social d, Circle 1, at some roller-rink(Galaxy?). Rushed the door and got in free.

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Gary Heffern i honestly can't remember right now.

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 2 people Like

#

Dan Reed X & Angst @ Wolfgang's S.F. 1986

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Christopher Petty Black happy and the young fresh fellows, whitworth col-

lege, Spokane, wa. 1990. I still have the "I hate everything" 7" by YFF.

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Daniel Gonzalez the CIRCLE JERKS, MDC, THE DICKS & DRI....@ perkin's place in pasadena, ca....1983....

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

William L Tuck III T.S.O.L. at Cal Poly Pomona-November 1981
Frank Agnew on second guitar, Rikk Agnew on drums (Todd was sick that day)

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Brady Rifkin

"1st "underground" show Wall of Voodoo/Vox Pop at Whisky 1981.
1st hardcore show- 10/23/82 Happy Times Roller Rink on Vermont
Social Distortion/Channel 3/Youth Brigade /Caustic Cause /Bad Example

Sin 34 (thanks Rat Sound <http://www.ratsou...nd.com/early.htm>)
See More

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Jeff Babiak A buddy had a band called "Aftermath" Don't remember who they played with. It was 1983 at some club I don't remember in Vernon, CA. I do remember some chick passed out on stage and some dude ate her out. Then the cops came and shut it down.

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Steve Hodge X summer 79

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Sarah Kay Bissell Drowningbear I have no clue where, it was back when i was in Fall of 10th grade - 1977.

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Kristy Tanguay Cole Misfits

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Don Williams It depends on how you define "punk rock". But, let's go with the Ramones (w/ the Flamin' Groovies) at the Roxy. August 12, 1976.

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Michael Mulcahy The Dickies, Ventura Theatre '97

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 1 person Like

#

Joe Connors enfield (Ct.) roller world , 1985ish - suicidal, 76% uncertain

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Mickey Lynch White flag at the kennel club in philly. Um 1985 or 86

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 1 person Like

#

Rob Miller Willie Aames, Disney, Orlando 1980. Seriously, All, Chemical People, the Herb Tarlicks, Toledo, OH 1987?

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Nate Wunderman Dead Kennedys, T.S.O.L., 45 Grave @ the Florentine Gardens on Hollywood Blvd. on September 5, 1981.

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 1 person Like

#

Doug Price X @ the Whiskey, July 26, 1980. Also saw the Dickies, Wall of Voodoo and FEAR that summer at the Whiskey.

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

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Christopher Robertson " 1981-The gym at Lincoln Middle School- Lincoln, Mass.- The Proletariat and Dub 7 played a benefit for some anti-nuke student/teacher group.

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Suzanne Carlin Can't remember who played, but it was @ The Whisky Spring of 78"

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

James Graffe the whiskey 1979 the consumers , the dead-beats , and Black Randy

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 1 person Like

#

Lance McKenzie Punk in the Alley...1980...Winnipeg Canada. The Vacant Lot,Bristol Hoppers and The Wurst....changed my life.

Actually took place in the alley beside The Royal Albert.

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Clark William Nelson Circle Jerks, Vandals, Detox - Olympic Auditorium '84

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 1 personLoading...

#

Melanie Bruck Coffee I started going to shows in 1980 - but have no idea which was my first one...how sad is THAT? Possibly The Ramones at Perkins Palace?

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Joe De Leon september or october 1979, social distortion (rikk agnew, frank agnew, casey royer, carrot & mike ness, yep, before adolescents) played at my dance at Fullerton High School.

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 4 people Like

#

Kimberly Kouri The Go-Go's and Madness somewhere in LA in 1980??? before they singed with IRS.

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 2 people Like

#

Brian Michaud Dys, Fu's , ssd, deep wound. Greenfield ma about 1983

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Valerie Nayak The Descendents, 1979, neighbor's living room at a party. The bad part is I didn't even know it was the Descendents until 3 years ago. lol

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 3 people Like

#

Billy Branch T-Bird Roller Rink in Pico Rivera - '83?. Circle Jerks headlined. 5 other bands. There must have been 20 cop cars parked outside after the show waiting for an excuse to pounce. Also, lots of shows at the Vex (El Sereno location) around that time.

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 1 person Like

#

Darrin Weedon TSOL, Lost Cause and others (Convicted maybe) - Broadway Movie Theater in Santa Ana, New Years Eve '79 or so. Cops broke it up before TSOL played and Jack walked up and down the aisles in a Nazi uniform telling everyone to riot. Welcome to punk rock.

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 1 person Like

#

Grant Dow " @ Kimberly: i saw The Go Go's and Madness in the UK same year...first punk gig must've been the Rezillos in '79, or The Damned, in the UK.

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Robbie Fields July 5, 1976 ... Ramones at Dingwall's, London alerted by Michael Zilkha who went on to found ZE Records.

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 1 person Like

#

Sandy Mendez Ramirez The Damned and Black Flag 81/82 @ Godzilla's

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Aidan Maloney Circle jerks and black flag. Club minimal. Sacramento Ca. 1982

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Hudley Flipside The Dickies, Middle Class or the Avengers at the Whisky A Go Go.. 1978..

7 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Richard Tarantino " 1981 Dead Kennedys, Flipper and a ton of other bands at some warehouse in san francisco.

6 hours ago · LikeUnlike

#

Kenneth B. Kimmel Weirdos, Legal Weapon, Mad Society @ Starwood, early 1982.

6 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 3 people Like

#

Dale Fate The Dickies, Toy Dolls, & Doggy Style @ Hollywood Palladium 85/86.

6 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 1 person Like

#

Ted Venemann The Runaways Dec 29th, 1978 at The Golden Bear in Huntington Beach.

6 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 1 person Like

#

Jimmy Alvarado the alperheads (named after ink disease scribe steve alper), in the area 7 alternative school rec room, may/june 1981. they played three songs, one of which was the worst cover of "white minority" i've heard to date, and another was their theme, which included the line, "we are young, we are bold, we are alperheads/nobody loves us but our moth-

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(cont.) Flipside Fanzine Memorial
Alright Flipside Facebook Fans
-- all 4,963 of you-- What was your
very first punk rock show? Who
played? Name of the venue?
Approximate date? Inquiring
minds want to know!!!

ers...." why i remember that after some 29 years, i dunno.....
6 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

Dave Dirt Might have been X and Alley Cats at the Hong Kong Cafe 78 or 79.
Or maybe 999 at the Wiskey around the same time. Also saw Blondie at the
Golden Bear in HB early 1978 (if that counts). And saw the Runaways at the
Golden Bear like Ted V.
6 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 2 peopleLoading... ·

Jimmy Alvarado first house party show: riot in progress at a house in el
sereno, circa-1982.
first club show: my band playing dollar night at the cathay with mad parade,
the steps, the membranes (the hollywood band), and the factor, 1983.
6 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 1 personLoading... ·

Hudley Flipside Dave... it might have been the Alley Cats for me as well...;>
that was a long time ago.. ;>
6 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 1 personLoading... ·

Chelle Burnett DeBoer " 45 Grave at The Whiskey. I was underage, but still
managed to get drinks served. Went back the following night. 45 Grave
again. My friend Tom took meAnd I love every minute of it. I think it was in
'82.
6 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 1 personLoading... ·

Cameron Thorburn The Flyboys and Xterminators at The Skeleton Club in San
Diego (I think). 1978
6 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

Dave Carney First punk show was in 1981 at the Goleta Community Center
TSOL,DOA,Tourist and Los Cremators.
6 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

Flipside Fanzine Memorial My first punk "concert" was X at the Greek Theatre
in Los Angeles in the summer of 1982. However, my first real punk gig was
Ch. 3 Big Boys and White Flag at The Vex in East Los Angeles in the summer of
1983. I hung out the Ink Disease crew that night and the rest is history. -- Joe
6 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 1 personLoading... ·

Hudley Flipside But where the real punk action was happening was in the
alleys around the clubs... ;> Where was your first Punk Rock Alley experience ?
6 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 1 personLoading... ·

Joe De Leon first Punk Rock Alley experience ?...the 'hood in east LA @ the
Vex and the cuckoos nest in costa mesa (not sure which one first) circa '79/'80
5 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

Tim Welsh Any alley around Fenders Ballroom!!! Or just the Holiday Inn Park-
ing structure stairwell!
5 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 1 personLoading... ·

Craig Pousen The Crowd and The Germs in the back yard of Barry Cuda
(drummer of the Crowd) in Huntington Beach
5 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 2 peopleLoading... ·

Fester Funclub MINE WAS THE UNDERTONES @ THE PUNCH N JUDY
THEATRE , DET MI 1979
5 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 2 peopleLoading... ·

Chelle Burnett DeBoer Oh, crap, forgot The Germs at Madam
Wongs! Bartender was my nieghbor, that was my first!
5 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

Bill Orloff First punk concert....Ramones and 20/20 @ some UC
Irvine center in 1979....First punk gig same year @ Blackies w/Circle
Jerks and Rhino 39. I've been fuckin tweaked ever since.
5 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 1 personLoading... ·

Robert Brown " 1986 ... Fenders Ball Room ... FEAR, Plain Wrap (and
2 other bands) Vandals may be?
5 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 1 personLoading... ·

Bill Orloff Oh first Alley drinkin....Baces Hall Riot night UXA,
Adolescents etc
5 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 1 personLoading... ·

Rosetta Mason
i don't know if it was my very first but i remember it was the first
one that clicked and made me think - now this is where i belong!
the masque valentines day i think 1977 or 1978? i don't remember
all who played. i remember waking up there... the next morning...
See More
4 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 1 personLoading... ·

John Edwards a party in laguna hills to fucked up to remember
80 or 81 but final conflict and plain wrap at dead zone practice
studios were always good times
4 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

Danny Dorman Dead Kennedys at the starwood 1979.
4 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 1 personLoading... ·

White Flag Rhino 39, The Germs, X, The Go-Go's Squeeze's Place,
Riverside CA, 1978. I believe I win.
4 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

Heidi Beck I went to the 82 US Fest day one which included the
Ramones, but my first real punk concert was in Jan/83 - Social
Distortion/Los Olvidados @ SIR Studios on Sunset. A riot ensued,
we got tear gassed out, my friend Joe got beat by the cops, and all
4 of us got arrested and got to spend the night @the Wilcox Hotel!
4 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

White Flag " @moderator of this page, quite a start, sorry if we
damaged you early on, but damn, that big Boys show was amaz-
ing!
4 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 1 personLoading... ·

Paul Berman First gig was X November 1980 at the Starwood. The
opening band was supposed to be The Adolescents, they can-
celled and were replaced by Fear. Killer gig.
4 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 1 personLoading... ·

Michael Brooks Probably early '83. Don't remember who played
though I'm pretty sure JFA did and it was at Phx's Mad Gardens.
4 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

James Michael Connors " 1981-Uk Subs, Anti Nowhere League, and
Whipping Boy.Keystone Palo Alto.Probably 40 people there
4 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

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#

Matt Keleher I got into it late since I was younger than most of you, but the first local (Denver) show was The Fluid (when they were just starting out) and a couple of bands I never heard of since, and the first "real" show was GBH, Agnostic Front and Doggy Style. (I saw Black Flag before this, but they were on their last tour and not very punk at this point.)

4 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

#

Michael Campo black flag oct,20th 1981 san pedro high school (at lunch time for senior week). there are pictures of the show in my yearbook.

4 hours ago · LikeUnlike · 1 personLoading...

#

Haydee Ramone The Ramones 1992 @ Hollywood Palladium. GABBA GABBA HEY x

4 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

#

Maggie Ehrig Hollywood High home economics class...Kira Roessler wrote down the lyrics and sang a MONSTERS tune at my request!

4 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

#

David Salazar Corrosion Of Conformity in 88 I think at Fenders Ballroom in Long Beach.

4 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

#

Gareth Williams The cramps, Adams avenue , San diego, some time in 1983. Still lovin the cramps.

4 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

#

Mike Gainor Anti-Pasti at Pirates Cove in Cleveland in '81.... the band was pissed off about having to play in the same show with a former member of the GODZ so they asked us to boycott the show....we left.

3 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

#

David Salazar I'm surprised that Fenders wasn't mentioned more I've seen a ton of great bands play there GBH,BLAST,REGAN YOUTH,EXPLOTIED and the list goes on. Also had tickets and should have been there when MDC started a riot but our car broke down on our way there in Venice

3 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

#

Ron Mather Life Sentence... American Legion Hall... Racine, WI... summer 1985?

3 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

#

Ron Mather Is everyone on this page from California?

3 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

#

Peter Markham Anti Cimex and Rattus - Ungdomshuset, Copenhagen, Denmark - early 80's

3 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

#

Chris Best Discharge, MDC, Social D, The Dicks, and Decry Dec. '83 at the Olympic

3 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

#

John Collinson Black Flag, Gone and October Faction (w/ a very young Greg Cameron on drums) in Columbus, OH, summer 84.

3 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

#

Glenn Tucker Mine was Chelsea, X , Dead Kennedys, Cramps at the Santa Monica Civic for the filming of the Urgh movie. I think it was August of 1979.

3 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

#

Jill Masters Ramones, summer of '76 at the Roxy. Dee Dee (whilst spitting out, "1,2,3,4") accidentally spit on me. I was a goner after that.

2 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

#

Tracy Otero The first punk show my best friend abe and myself attended was The Screamers opening for X at the Whisky 1978?. We rolled up a couple of dusters and headed west on his honda 250 down Brooklyn Ave till it turns to Sunset Bl...

2 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

#

Brian Salvador Curley RAMONES & THE RUNAWAYS at the AR-MADILLO WORLD HEADQUARTERS 1976 or 77

2 hours ago · LikeUnlike ·

#

Martin Richardson Misfits, Necros, and Negative Approach. U OF M student union ballroom Ann Arbor MI 1981.

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#

Jon Pierre Schoenbeck " 80/ Bad Brains, Bad religion, JFA, The Lewd @ Ukrainian culture center with Fletcher Dragge.

about an hour ago · LikeUnlike · 1 personLoading...

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Jon Pierre Schoenbeck All alleys around the Olympic

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#

Kevin Person Hardcore '81 at The Laundromat(Richards on Richards) in Febuary 1981(duh) with DOA, No Exit, Blank Generation, Section 8 and a couple others. Awesome show and pretty intimidating for a 16 year old kid.

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#

Kevin Person FUCK!!! Totally forgot(Thank you drugs & booze) DEVO in 1980 at The Kerrisdale Arena in Vancouver

about an hour ago · LikeUnlike ·

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Kevin Zemlicka The Stranglers at the Country Club in Reseda, 81.

30 minutes ago · LikeUnlike ·

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Jim Testa Ramones, CBGB, November '76. I win.



Be More Than A Witness

Insert (L to R) Pleasant Gehman Belinda Carlisle, Dave Alvin and Connie Clarksville.) and ("Now. . . Connie Clarksville's daughter Heather"

NOW!

THEN...



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